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# The Critic

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## Literature

### "Dante's Pilgrim's Progress"

With Notes on the Way. By Emelia Russell Gurney. London : Elliot Stock.

THIS BEAUTIFUL BOOK is one of many that have appeared of late years with the aim of showing us the greatness of our inheritance in Dante. The essays of Dean Church and of J. R. Lowell, the translations and commentaries of Longfellow and Dean Plumptre and Miss Rossetti's "Shadow of Dante" are among the best-known of these. But the plan of the work before us differs from any that has yet appeared; the author's endeavor being to set forth, in a selection of passages detached from the merely historical or political portions of the *Divina Commedia*, the spiritual significance of this many-sided poem, "to which both Heaven and Earth have lent their hand." "Dante," she says in her preface, "gave forth the sublimated Creed of the Mediæval Church, and in this age, when it is increasingly felt that spiritual truth is too vast to be forced through any portal that opens on the understanding alone, his music is very welcome to the listener whose faith seeks an entrance into other and larger haunts of the Spirit." And her aim is to draw out the mystical meaning of the Poem, in which the passage of Dante through the three realms of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise is an allegory, signifying the progress of the human soul from the Wood of Error, through the dark period of alienation from God, caused by pride and self-will, up the mountain of gradual purification from sin to the ever-increasing joys of a fully restored consciousness, and, finally, to that re-union of the Human and the Divine faintly foreshadowed by St. John in the Apocalypse and by Dante in his momentary glimpse of the Beatific Vision. The three kingdoms, then, of the Poem are in this work considered as allegorical of three attitudes of the human heart and will toward God; and this allegory, allowed by Dante himself, in his Epistle to Can Grande, to be one of the four senses in which his Poem is to be understood, is set forth with admirable clearness and consistency in the selected portions, whose meaning is further drawn out in the author's "Notes on the Way" and illustrated in many cases by passages from the Bible and from modern writers. This method of dealing with a great Poem will, perhaps, not commend itself to all; lovers of Dante may dislike the plan of dividing their poet into fragments for the benefit, as they may think, of such as are too lazy or too indifferent to get at his meaning for themselves. But their objection is partly met by the author's plea that her work is not meant for students of Dante, but for those thoughtful and devout "pilgrim souls," who, lacking time or knowledge for the study of the whole Poem, may thankfully welcome such insight as this great genius affords us "into the Eternal Verities and our abiding portion in God." And the words of the great Dante scholar, Ozanam, quoted on the dedication page, seem to give an indubitable sanction to the application of this analytical process to the *Divina Commedia*. Posterity must divide this vast inheritance in order to cultivate it. It is so great, its meaning so manifold and much of it is so difficult in Italian and so dull in English that a strong, secret affinity for the Poet seems needed to cause study of this great Master sufficiently close to wring his treasures from him. Again, he is regarded by too many as one who has had his day, whose message was delivered long ago; and, in spite of much modern talk about him, his true lovers and disciples are still few. The fact seems to be that it is impossible to understand Dante without some touch, at least, of that deep religious mysticism with which all his writings are so fully charged; without it, we may be able to admire and measure the merits and de-

merits of his poem; but understand it—no. And this spiritual temper, which, more fully than any other, brings us into touch with the soul, or animating principle of all beauty in poetry, nature or art, is possessed by comparatively few, although esteemed and desired by far more than might be supposed. For there are probably few that do not enjoy the sensation of discovery (whether aided thereto or not) that there is more in some scene, book or picture than they had imagined.

The author (or compiler, as she modestly designates herself) of these "Notes on the Way" is doubly qualified, by a large endowment of this spiritual faculty, and by long, brooding study of her subject, to act as guide and interpreter to those "anime pellegrine" who desire to know something of Dante, and are afraid of "tackling" him alone and unaided. This fitness will be more apparent if she is allowed to speak for herself, and the following passages, chosen from the three Prefaces and last chapter of the book, will give some idea of its purpose and of its grace and charm of style. The first gives us her interpretation of the *Inferno* :— "We may look at Dante, as he is guided through the *Inferno* by his divinely appointed mentor (Reason or Conscience personified in Virgil) as the representative of the awakening consciousness of Humanity. We see him instructed first in the borderland of Hell concerning the feebleness of moral fibre that is parent of cowardly selfishness. We see selfishness fully developed, and leading downwards through the three circles of Avarice, Anger and Malice into the more and more complete subjugation of Reason to Appetite, these passing into a further deliberate choice of Evil for selfish ends, through the yet lower circles of Fraud, Treachery and Betrayal. At last, the stagnation of death is reached in the frozen pool of self-worshipping and in human isolation and pride. Throughout the descent Self is discerned at the centre of all action."

Most people that think they know something of the *Divina Commedia* read as far as the end of the *Inferno*; then they say of Dante, as Macaulay did, that "nauseous and revolting images seem to have had a fascination for him," and read no further. In the commentator before us we seem to notice a shrinking, as of personal discomfort, in this portion of her task, and a feeling of relief (as in the great poet himself) on escaping from the "aura morta" of *Inferno*. It is that feeling, perhaps, that has had the effect of making this first part of her "Notes" more fragmentary than the ensuing portions; there is in these less original thought and more dependence upon the suggestions of others. The following passage, taken from the preface to *Purgatorio*, forms a kind of key-note to the second division of the book :— "The gulf that divides the two worlds of the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, as shown to us by the Poet, seems, it is true, but inadequate to mark the wide separation between the two states; a moment's repentance, one act of forgiveness, one 'little tearlet,' as the demon complains (Canto v., 107)—such slight tokens, we find, rescue souls from the angels of darkness and set them on their way heavenward. But such slight tokens mark life; they indicate the moment of separation from the death of self-assertion. The soul has found its true element. 'The little tear' was the first trembling emotion of the 'poor in spirit' to whom the Kingdom of Heaven belongs; it showed the door opened by the Will towards the reception of all Heaven's gifts and all earth's ministries. The Ascent of the Mount thenceforth lies before the home-returning affections. The journey has begun; not merely the journey through this life to the Home beyond the skies; it is rather the heart's restoration to sanity—a restoration like that of the naked demoniac, from his abode among the tombs, to his right mind, his clothing, and his

rest at the feet of Jesus while learning of Him the Way, the Truth and the Life."

Our concluding extract is taken from the final chapter of the book, where "the mysterious secret, the goal and inspiration of the long pilgrimage" is shown as revealing itself thus:—"As he searched those depths of Light with growing powers of vision the appearance of the Light seemed to the Seer to grow and change. Yet it changed not; it was his power of vision that was strengthening; he could distinguish in that Light three circles: Two as of a self-reflecting Iris; one as of Fire breathed forth from the twain; and lo! within the centre of that unity, of the same colour as that circulating Light, there appeared to be 'our own image,' the sign of the Son of Man in the Heavens!"

"To know the mystery of the union of God and man in the Incarnation had been the hunger of the Seer through his long ascent. \* \* \* He was now more profoundly united with the wondrous Light, yet his wandering flights of thought still fell short of that which he sought to grasp—the Mankind taken into God."

This book is a very valuable contribution to our Dante literature, and should find a welcome no less among Dante students than among those "pilgrim souls" for whom it is especially intended. It is beautifully bound, and illustrated from expressive designs by Mr. Frederic Shields. It also contains a photograph of Michelino's picture of Dante in the Duomo at Florence.

#### The Illustrated Edition of Green's "Short History"

*A Short history of the English People. By J. R. Green. Edited by Mrs. Green and Miss K. Norgate. Vol. II. \$5. Harper & Bros.*

IT IS NOT often that the historian possesses phrases so luminous that they illustrate themselves without the aid of pictures. Of the few books of which this may be said, Green's "Short History of England" is one. It was a triumph of the new method of writing history, a justification of the New History itself. Green possessed a rare reconstructive talent which took the piecemeal of chronicle and composed of it vivid and glowing wholes. Many painters have equally fine gifts for single figures, but few inherit the singular gift of composition, of grouping, of crowded yet illuminating detail which this painter-historian exemplified in the highest degree. The past of England lived for him more distinctly than the present, and it lived for him as a whole, as a panorama, narrowing backward toward its vertex indeed, yet always full of clear facts and forms never chaotically melting into each other. His mind held the whole story in solution, comprehensible from the beginning, orderly in its evolution, broad in the great crayon-like outlines in which its foundations were laid out, and miniature-like in the multiplicity of strokes and touches with which foreground and background were ultimately filled in. Thus the "Short History" was really a series of pictures in itself. Mrs. Green, however, the accomplished widow of the historian, did not think this quite sufficient: she desired to execute a long-cherished plan of her husband to fortify every statement, illustrate every reference, light up every face or custom or town with a picture chosen from contemporary documents, MSS. or art-work; and thus was conceived and executed the admirable work whose second volume is now before us.

No one can study these multitudinous illustrations in color and in black-and-white without felicitating himself on living in an epoch capable of producing such work. No pains have been spared by Mrs. Green and Miss Norgate to make the text tell its tale more graphically than ever by scores of inserted engravings, the notes on which alone fill twenty-seven pages. These include nearly every incident, object or personage of interest between 1336 and the death of Elizabeth. Portraits of Charles V. (by Titian), Wolsey, Mary Queen of Scots, Luther, Henry VII., Henry VIII., More, Cranmer, Pole, Mary Tudor, Knox, Raleigh, Bacon, Sidney and many others, show us the illustrious men and women of the time, while views, seals, castles, costumes and *marginalia* from MSS. innu-

merable give exterior and interior glimpses of scenery, social and official life, and minor detail which do so much to vivify narrative and blow real breath into the lifeless abstraction men call the Past. The large page, open type and handsome style of the book make it one of the most desirable acquisitions of the year. The full-page colored illustrations are reproductions of contemporary illuminations, some of them of striking beauty.

#### "The Story of Malta."

*By M. M. Ballou. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

AMONG THE many picturesque, historic isles of the Mediterranean, Malta is one of the most picturesque and historic. St. Paul rendered it forever celebrated among Christians by being shipwrecked there; but long previous, as the Island of Hyperion, it was famous in Greek and Phoenician story and had a quaint aboriginal tongue and folk of its own. Its rock-cut tombs and curious antiquities, its importance as the capital of the soldier-monks of St. John, the barbaric warfare waged for its possession by the Turks and Arabs and the whole tissue and tangle of its romantic history make it a delightful theme for the historian no less than for the traveller. Perhaps the charming island-fortress is better-known for its eight-pointed cross and its famous blue cats than for its Arabian dynasty, its chivalrous Hospitallers of St. John, its immense fortifications or its associations with the Crusaders. It was once celebrated for its sieges as well as for its lace, its earthquakes, its moon-flowers, its sirocco and its Oriental women. Homer's fabled Calypso lived there; prehistoric ruins exist to testify of ancient defunct races; the Pope once resorted to Malta as to an island-Eden; and now England nestles there among the streets of stairs, the carob-trees, the pirates' caves, the giant towers, the flowering hedges with their stores of aromatic honey, and the great military hospitals. The youngest of races—and the fairest—has succeeded the dark-browed Phoenicians, and founders of libraries and makers of railways have taken the place of heathen sultans and Christian corsairs. The famous Church of St. John, full of armored knights and recumbent figures, has replaced the Fane of Hercules. A spot illustrious as the birthplace of Hannibal and Menander has now become a sort of museum of ancient tapestries, antique arms and battle-flags, Roman Catholic ceremonials and all the odds and ends of travelled and untravelled Christendom. Malta is a place of beautiful groves and grotos, of crops gathered thrice annually, of palaces and pawnbrokers' shops, of flowers and stone dwelling-houses, of old paintings and swarming beggars. Its contrasts of light and shade are vivid and striking; a dirty street alternates with a grand mosaic floor; an ancient mixed Arabo-Italian tongue conflicts in the mouths of the peasantry with the new tongue of the young Anglo-Saxon conquerors.

These and many other interesting details are brought out in Mr. Ballou's monograph, which suffers from a lack of orderliness and arrangement and rather confuses the reader by its jerkiness and interrupted flow. It is neither a history of Malta nor a guide-book. Whatever comes into the author's head is noted down without particular plan or consistency, and the result is a jumble more or less spiced with pleasant personal recollections.

#### The Art of Versification

*Orthometry: a Treatise on the Art of Versification and the Technicalities of Poetry, with a Rhyming Dictionary. By R. F. Brewer, B.A. \$2. G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THE AUTHOR of this book, which is of British origin, tells us in his preface that his "chief aim is to instruct." Though numerous works on versification have been published, he knows of no one work "which embraces full and accurate information respecting the technicalities of poetry and verse-making, such as the student requires."

He begins by stating the difference between poetry and prose and defining the kinds of the former—lyric, epic, dramatic, etc. These definitions are often loose and vague.

For instance, the ballad, as a form of lyric poetry, is said to be distinguished from the song proper by the fact of its "containing a narrative." The peculiarity of the elegy is that "its subject is always mournful and its construction generally more regular" than other odes. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is classed among elegies; just as "Childe Harold" is regarded as an epic rather than "a purely descriptive poem." Wordsworth's "Excursion" is "the finest didactic poem in English."

The "elementary parts of versification" are next considered—sounds, syllables and feet; after which the various measures and stanzas are explained and illustrated. Here the scanning is sometimes faulty; as in a familiar line of Byron's Apostrophe to the Ocean, which is divided thus:—"O | beys thee; | thou go- | est forth, | dread, fath- | omless, | alone." Can the man have an ear? If there were anything peculiar in the line the mis-scansion might be pardonable; but the average schoolboy could be trusted to divide it thus: "Obeys | thee; thou | goest forth, | " etc. Under examples of trochaic measure we find a poem of Longfellow's chopped up in this way:—

"Spake full | well in | language | quaint and | olden  
One who | dwelleth | by the | castled | Rhine,"

and so on through the stanza. This from Tennyson is also supposed to be trochaic:—

"Narrowing into where they sat assembled,  
Low voluptuous music, winding, trembled."

In the following sentence in this part of the book, "muse" is queerly made masculine: "The muse may soar high with steady wing and stately swoop, or flutter about the lower grounds in fantastic mazes; but his movements must always be rhythmical and his utterances musical." We cannot here take "muse" to be used for "poet," as in Milton's "Lycidas":—

"So may some gentle muse  
With lucky words favor my destined urn,  
And as he passes turn  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud."

Elsewhere our author's English is peculiar; as in this sentence: "A combination of the same species of verse is made by those which differ in the number of their feet."

Definitions are often inaccurate or confused. "Stanzas of two verses" are said to be "called distichs or couplets"; those of three verses "are known as tercets, and when rhyming together are called triplets"; and among the examples of these three-lined stanzas we find Cowper's "My Mary," which has four lines. Stanzas of five verses "are called quintains"—a sense of the word recognized in no dictionary that we are acquainted with. Stanzas of six verses "are called the [sic] sextet." The irregular divisions of certain poems, like Collins's "Ode on the Passions," varying from four to more than twenty lines, are called stanzas. The chapter on "Poetic Licenses," which follows those already noticed, abounds with similar errors, but we cannot take space to give examples of them.

The chapter on Rhyme is one of the least faulty in the book, and the examples of imperfect rhymes are of more than usual interest. The author, however, does not seem to be aware that "identical" rhymes of words differing in sense (like Milton's *Ruth* and *ruth*, Tennyson's *eves* and *eaves*, Lowell's *wholly* and *holy*, etc.) are allowed in Italian, and occasionally imitated by English poets, especially those familiar with Italian. The Rhyming Dictionary at the end of the volume is on an improved plan, the words being classed by their ending sounds only, not by the spelling; and it appears to be more complete than other works of the kind. The imperfect rhymes at the end of each group, however, might well have been omitted. Callow rhymers should not be encouraged to resort to such combinations (given under *ac*, *ack*) as *break*, *neck*, *speak*, or (*under ait, ate*) *height*, *heat*, or *place* as a rhyme to *breeze*, or *pole* to *bell*. *Tea* and *fee* are given as possible rhymes to *day*, and Dryden's rhyme of *sea* and *day* is quoted in a footnote without comment. No reference is made to the fact that final *ea* in many words was pro-

nounced *ay* in the time of Dryden and Pope, as long before and after; nor to the fact that rhymes like *desert*, *apart*, which are quoted elsewhere, were perfect rhymes in the Elizabethan age and later.

Blank-verse is treated fairly well, and the variations from the normal type fully illustrated; but Shakespeare should not be charged with such a line as "This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth" in "Henry VIII." John Fletcher wrote that, and no poet except John Fletcher ever ended a "female" line after that fashion. The list of "Poetic Trifles," like the ballade, rondel, rondelet, rondeau, roundel, triolet, villanelle, and the rest, so much in vogue of late, is exhaustive, and the selection of examples is happy.

On the whole, the book, if not so accurate as a concise statement of the forms and laws of verse as Mr. J. C. Parson's "English Versification," which we had occasion to notice some two years ago, is more complete in parts, being a work of at least double the bulk of that, and will be suggestive to teachers and students no less than to amateur verse-makers—of whom, however, there are already too many. The book is handsomely printed, though not free from slips of the type, for which, from his carelessness in other respects, we suspect the author to be responsible rather than the compositor.

#### "Science and a Future Life"

*With other Essays.* By Frederic W. H. Myers. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.

THIS VOLUME CONTAINS six essays reprinted from *The Nineteenth Century* and *The Fortnightly Review*. The subjects are various; yet all the essays but the last are nearly related, the title of the first expressing in a general way the purpose of them all. Mr. Myers, like so many other thoughtful men of the time, finds the old religious views no longer tenable; and his object in these essays is to inquire whether science can furnish anything to take their place. He sees the dangers that threaten the world from the loss of faith in spiritual realities, and fears that, if present tendencies go on unchecked, they will result in the triumph of the average sensual man and "the gradual adaptation of hopes and occupations to a purely terrestrial standard." He calls attention to the pessimism now so widely prevalent, and attributes it to the loss of religious faith and the unsettlement of religious ideas. Religion, as he truly says, must have some basis in real truth; and the present uncertainty about that basis is leading men to doubt and bewilderment, or to the abandonment of all higher aims for the pursuit of material good. These characteristics of the age are strikingly shown in the essay on "The Disenchantment of France," in which Mr. Myers shows how far the old belief in divine realities and the old-time devotion to duty have declined in France, and what the consequences are to French literature and life. Yet he is undoubtedly right in saying that, though these tendencies have appeared more prominently in France than elsewhere, they will show themselves sooner or later in all countries unless counteracted by other agencies of an opposite character.

When he comes to the question as to what agencies there are to sustain the belief in spiritual realities and revivify the moral life of man, his answer is by no means satisfactory. He seems to have thought at one time that literature, and especially poetry, might to some extent take the place of religion; yet, after reviewing the characteristics of several prominent writers of the age, he fails to find in them much that is satisfactory or even hopeful. Philosophy, on the other hand, he seems to regard as even more discredited than the old religion, and he therefore turns to science, to see whether that can furnish a solution to the perplexities of our time. He justly remarks that the evolution theory has not accomplished its work until it has accounted for mind and reason, which it has thus far failed to do; and he looks to the new science of psycho-physics, or experimental psychology, to solve this problem and to reassert the supremacy of the spiritual principle in the universe and in

man. "It is on this field of experimental psychology," he says, "that the decisive battles of the next century seem likely to be fought" (p. 99); and this view may be said to be the keynote of this book. To us, however, such a view seems altogether untenable. What experimental psychology may some time tell us about the nature of the soul, we do not know; but it has told us nothing at all, yet, and in any case it cannot solve the ethical and theistic problems, which are the most important of all. For our part, we think that philosophy is much better fitted to deal with the deep questions of our time than experimental psychology can ever be; and in spite of the present confusion of thought on those questions, we believe that philosophy will eventually solve them. Meanwhile, those who are interested in the problems themselves will find them set forth impressively and in excellent literary style in the book before us.

#### Theological and Religious Literature

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, probably the best-known living writer that holds to the name Agnostic, has collected together into one handsomely printed volume his various contributions to English and American periodicals. He treats of the scepticism of believers and unbelievers, dreams and realities, of materialism, of Newman's theory of belief and of poisonous opinions. With his line of thought and his nervous, picturesque style our readers are probably already familiar. Chapter VII. treats of the religion of all sensible men, and this is really the most valuable paper in the collection, because it is less polemic and more constructive. In the main, however, despite the modernness of the language, and the line of thought, supposed to be fresh and timely, the book really belongs on the controversial shelves, among the old parchment-bound row of "extinct volcanoes." Still, the work will help those who, by the criticism of Christianity or through current religions, may be brought towards the reality of things. The full title of the book is "An Agnostic's Apology, and Other Essays." The name of the author alone is sufficient to secure a fair measure of circulation for the work. (\$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—THE HYMNAL of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States has been revised and renumbered. The book is in the form recommended by the Committee on the Hymnal appointed by the General Convention of 1886, which modified the edition in our hands, and is duly certified as a pocket volume containing six hundred and seventy-nine hymns, with thirty-one doxologies, index of first lines, index of authors and a number of morning and evening canticles. It is neatly printed and pleasant to the eye. The catholic taste, which has reigned in the selection, is a good omen for that church unity for which all good Christians are praying. (James Pott & Co.)—TWENTY YEARS of study of Tennyson have given the Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., of the Brick Church, New York, a remarkable mastery of English. His style is diamond-clear, strong, and sparkling, with a winning power that is noticeable on every page. Straight as an arrow these "Sermons" have been shot from a well-tried bow. Preached before the universities of Yale, Harvard and Princeton, they are tried arrows of the chase. In book-form, they have evidently received a good deal of treatment from such a tool as Horace's file. Hence they will attract readers as they once attracted hearers. Among the themes treated of are Faith, Courage, Power and Redemption. The first sermon treats of a man and the latter calls our attention to the glorious horizon of those who study the revealed will of God. The Scriptural characters, Abraham, Solomon and Peter, are made to teach us anew the lessons that are never old. The book is presented in unusually handsome style. (\$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

IT WAS A FREQUENT saying of the late Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, that the destructive radicalism and disintegrating tendencies in the Unitarian body of believers came almost wholly from those who were not born within the fold. When catechisms embodying the unproved, destructive polemics of men who rejected the Bible as authoritative, are set forth with official authority, there must needs come protest and affirmation. The little volume entitled "In Spirit and in Truth," containing eight sermons or papers by younger ministers of the Unitarian Church, is in evidence of this Book. The Rev. G. C. Cressey writes of the philosophy of religion; L. D. Cochrane of the revelation of God in nature; W. W. Fenn of the Bible as literature and as revelation; F. B. Hombrooke (President of the Boston Browning Society) of the thought of God in the Bible; S. M. Crothers of the revelation of God in man; A. A. Walkley of the Christ, and John Tunis of the use of liturgy in worship. We have not time or space to characterize these essays in detail. They are thoughtful, scholarly, earnest and, above all,

positive and affirmative. In general, it may be said these writers hold to the Nicene Creed, not perhaps in the orthodox sense, but in order to show that every human being is not like God, but is a part of God—of the same divine nature. There is, throughout, the desire to hold to the Sermon on the Mount, and also to hold in view the fact that human nature underlies the divine, and to keep close to the original records, which were written before Greek had transformed Christian theology. The Rev. James de Normandie furnishes the introduction, and, as it were, the strong bond that holds as in a sheaf these ripe thoughts, which will feed many souls. (\$1. Boston : George H. Ellis.)—A GLOW OF HOPE and cheer pervades the pages of the little book entitled "I Believe in God." In silver letters, set in a golden frame, the Creed is stamped upon the cover of the book, and within there are the four chapters which tell of the strength of theism, of God's three revelations of Himself, of the eternity of God, of the truth and comfort of theism. The author, who is still in the hopeful decades of life, on the sunny side of fifty, has lived most of his time as an active pastor in the Mid-West, and his brave words seem to come directly out of wide observation and experience of human life in this wonderful new land of America. This is a genuine American book, notwithstanding its orthodoxy, which would satisfy a man of the first or of the nineteenth century whose life was hid with Christ in God. His illustration in the last chapter of John Stuart Mill, who could detect no mixture of error in the woman whom he had made his idol while he had no God to love, is strong and pertinent. The literary dress is attractive. The sentences are short and pointed. (\$1. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

THE REV. MYRON ADAMS, who for some time supplied the pulpit of a Congregational Church in Rochester, N. Y., and who is the author of "The Continuous Creation, an Application of the Evolutionary Philosophy to the Christian Religion," has followed up this work by a volume entitled "The Creation of the Bible." He has made a diligent study of the Dutchman, Kuenen, and the German, Wellhausen, as well as of the Englishmen, Sanday and Driver, and of our own Americans, Toy and Gladden. In twenty-five chapters he applies the new methods of study to the analysis and explanation of the Bible. He considers that the results of recent study show that the Bible is a part of creation, that the order of creation is one of progress and improvement, that all progress is co-ordinate, that the Bible is properly subject to human criticism, and is, therefore, to be studied as any book would be studied. He clearly sets forth and demonstrates, as it seems to us, that the contents of the Bible furnish to a large extent the means for its investigation. He scrutinizes the work of Ezra the compiler, and dissects the traditional and legendary elements of the sacred library, and shows the nature and limitations of prophecy. He also sets forth, very inadequately, we think, and with the weakness of a second hand, the Greek and other outside influences that modified the development of Jewish and Christian sacred literature. He dwells at some length, and in timely fashion, on the sociological doctrines upon which Paul and James lay emphasis. There is a certain dryness and dullness of style, which are hardly justifiable in the treatment of so fascinating a subject, and, in carrying out his thesis, he is more of a dogmatist than scholar. For example, he asserts (on page 177) that Luke contradicts the sentiments of the law and the prophets by adding to the previous accounts the very things which ought not to have been added. In other words, the author pretends to suggest what ought to be in the records of the Christian Scriptures, thus showing the same dogmatic spirit that has already corrupted the manuscripts and the purity of Christianity. In characterizing the various books and writers of the Bible, he seems to be filled more with the spirit of current discussions than with the spirit of the writers themselves. Nevertheless, the book is a sign of the times, and will interest such as wish to see what form the work done at first hand, by men of original research and investigation, is likely to take when worked over by the middle-men in literature. (\$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE LATEST volume in the Expositor's Bible, devoted to Psalms, I.—XXXVIII., by Dr. Alexander Maclaren, the well-known Baptist preacher in Manchester, England, who has probably no superior in that country as an expository preacher, is received by the clergy with loud praise. The opinions that we have heard concerning this book may have prejudiced us in its favor, but an examination of the work confirms the judgments expressed. Leaving almost untouched the questions of date or authorship, Dr. Maclaren gives his superb strength and skill to the supreme matter of exposition. Yet his pages show that he knows what the critics like Cheyne have written; and without taking much space he often shows that the critic's reasoning from the facts is not always sound. Nevertheless, he believes that the deepest and most precious elements in the Psalms are very slightly affected by answers to questions of authen-

ticity and chronology. Those who are genuine preachers will value the work all the more because of its singleness of aim. Thorough familiarity with the original and with the best comment is evident. Before each sermon is a vigorous and suggestive translation of the Psalm treated, while the acrostic structure of several of the Psalms is shown by the printing out of the Hebrew letters. While thus careful of the outward form, Dr. Maclaren has entered into the hearts of the great poets, and sees with them the truth that he applies so felicitously to the ever-recurring problems of life. Very noticeable is his masterly handling of those little words which form the pivots and hinges of the Psalmist's meaning. The Hebrew *waw* is never neglected, and the other "hooks and eyes of speech" are scrutinized. With right emphasis and occasional retranslation, he makes these words open new doors and windows of light on old expressions. In a word, he is a master-hand at making old things fresh. (\$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.) — THE NAME and the thing, shadow and substance are happily wedded in the Rev. Robert Collyer's volume of sermons entitled "Things New and Old." The well-printed little book is prefaced by a photogravure of the preacher, whose face in itself is an eloquent sermon. The fourteen discourses make a sonnet of felicitous title-lines, and many a minister who simply plucks the fruit of the title from the tree of the text will be likely to come back as richly laden as the spies who bore the grapes of Eschol from the Promised Land. From one of the texts, "I see men as trees," Dr. Collyer preaches on "The Overplus of Blossom." He says "the heaven of our early life is white with these blossoms, which are of no use except to sweeten and make more beautiful the way on which we go dreaming in our youth." With a wonderfully sunny philosophy of life, and a religion that is free from dogmatic definitions while full of sweetness, light and power, he tells of the way where the light dwelleth, of Marthas and Marys, of the parable of the reserves, which he finds in the oil which the wise virgins carried in their vessels. The sermon on "Instantaneous Photographs" is based on Ezekiel's "As the appearance of a flash of lightning." Of a number of one-line biographies in the Bible he selects that of Antipas, "my faithful martyr," and he points him out as he lives to-day among us. And so on to the end of the book we find these sermons sweet, rich, helpful, inspiring. May the years of the good preacher be many. (\$1. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

THE REV. W. G. T. SHEDD is credited with the love for *ad captandum* titles, and we all know how one critic characterized his volumes on "The History of Christian Doctrines" as "the history of Shedd's Christian doctrine." Without at the time remembering that witticism we opened this book, expecting to find a clear statement of what Calvinism is; but we are persuaded that John Calvin would neither recognize, nor be satisfied with, Dr. Shedd's treatment of the "ism" which is linked to his name. In "Calvinism : Pure and Mixed," we have a controversial apology for the decisions of the Synod of Dordrecht and the Assembly of Westminster divines. The British Lords Spiritual and worthy political Protestants from many countries of Europe, who with the Dutchmen, under orders from Maurice, helped to embalm the corpse of Calvin's teachings, and the Westminster divines, who also assisted to fix in a coffin the teachings of the Reformer, are here defended. Not only that, but the still later scholastic inquests upon the corpse are vigorously explained, defended and approved. The work is not, as we expected, a new and fresh contribution to the controversy, which is being waged, nominally among Presbyterians, but in reality among all Protestant Christians. It is rather the substance of a pamphlet written by the learned author, some time ago, with a number of his contributions to periodicals. Some of the chapters, however, have been written specially for this work, notably that on "denominational honesty and honor," in which he insists that those who believe in interpreting the Westminster symbols according to the method opposed to his own ought to leave the Church. Whether this addition to Calvin's teachings be "pure" Calvinism or "mixed" it is hard to tell, though there is no doubt that it is part of Dr. Shedd's Calvinism. Four or five chapters combat the idea of the revision of the Westminster Confession. Two chapters treat of preterition, one of common and special grace, one of infant salvation, and another is an amazing piece of special pleading on what the author calls "the Westminster affirmation of the original inerrancy of the Scriptures." In a word, those who have read Dr. Shedd's previous works will find in this little volume his opinions set forth in their extreme form. Clear in statement, fascinating to the student, analyst and dialectician, the book is interesting as a literary product, for Dr. Shedd is a master of literary style. The mode of reasoning employed, however, is not one which is likely to commend itself very highly to those Calvinists who may believe it an outrage upon John Calvin's memory to suppose that this searcher after truth intended that his theology should be stereotyped and made the cramps and fetters of religion. (\$1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

## Recent Fiction

"MADAME ROSELY," translated from the French of Mlle. V. Monniot by Elvira Quintero and Jean Mack, is the writing of a *religieuse*, and, in its tone of meek resignation and submission to the chastenings of life, reminds one of that dear old-fashioned household treasure, "Stepping Heavenward." But the lot of Mrs. Prentiss's heroine was cast in ways of pleasantness and peace compared to that of Madame Rosely, who married into a family where her step-children and their grandmother were determined to embitter her existence and to make her their enemy. This they did not succeed in doing; for, with the patience of a devout Christian, she constantly returned good for evil, until, in the course of nature, the ill-natured old grandmother died, and the two step-children, freed from the influence of malice and bitterness, let their affections be drawn out by the loving sweetness of their new mamma. The story is interestingly told, with a warmth and personality that printed pages do not usually convey. Although its deep religious feeling, so temperamental to the Latin race, strikes oddly on our cold English minds, and phrases such as "Marie will never be a virtuous woman unless she is pious, and she will never be pious if she hears religion sneered at," arrest our attention by the singular doctrine advanced, its sincerity and fidelity cannot but be impressive in an age when few books convey any idea but the author's lack of convictions. (\$1. Cassell Pub. Co.)

MR. RUSSELL P. JACOBUS has dignified his book, "An Escape from Philistia," by calling it a novel. To us, the word is decidedly an overstatement. "An Escape from Philistia" is an attempt to portray the opinions on the vital questions of work, art and life of three earnest, intelligent young men. This is accomplished largely through the medium of conversations held over the flowing bowl and between the puffs of a hookah. The thoughts expressed are neither particularly original, nor profound, and, in a book of this character, they should be one or the other, in order to make up for the lack of action and feeling. It is true that his characters perform a certain number of actions—they get engaged, get into prison, go to Europe, die, and do various things; but none of these deeds are the result of feelings deep enough or crises real enough to impress one as being representative of life. Consequently, it remains for the author to appeal to his reader by faithfully picturing the intellectual, moral and artistic atmosphere of the *jeunesse* of the day. How great his success in this direction is, will be shown by the amount of interest the book excites. (\$1.25. J. G. Cupples Co.)

"THE CUCKOO in the Nest" is a spirited tale of English country life, drawn on most original lines, by Mrs. Oliphant. It is the happy combination of the novel of incident and the novel of character, and will have the delightful effect of holding the reader's interest in the details of the plot without causing the slightest loss of self-respect. Mrs. Oliphant is too much of an artist to make her characters walk out of the last page of the book as free and irresponsible beings as they appeared when they walked in. They carry with them the burden of their actions in the book, and their development has been a natural growth. Consequently, when scheming, sharp-tongued, impudent Patty Hewitt, the inn-keeper's daughter, got herself married to "Solly" Piercy, the feeble-minded son of old Sir Giles, she found herself in a position that took all the fortitude and all the nerve she could summon to maintain. A biting tongue, commonsense and inherent adaptiveness helped her along wonderfully at first. They bore her through the shock and disappointment of her husband's early death, before he came into the title—they helped her to ingratiate herself into the graces of doting old Sir Giles—they sustained her through the defense of a trial that the heirs brought to recover the estate, which, after old Sir Giles's death, was found to have been left unconditionally to her. But these qualities did not fit her for her social position or make her happy. She was a good fighter and could snap and snarl and show her little white, pointed teeth like a terrier; but after the battles were over and the victories won, she began to look over the field and she discovered herself in a very undesirable position. She was thoroughly disliked by every human being that knew her, and she didn't know how to amuse herself in her stately splendor. Not that she was reflective enough to put this into words, but she began to recall the glowing days of her girlhood when she drew the foaming beer from her father's ale-kegs for the enamored swains, who parted with their *A's* as liberally as their coppers. And when Robert Pearson, her old sweetheart and the successful cricketer of the day, with a shrewd wit and a nature as domineering as her own, offered her "is and and 'art and a 'and-some 'ouse" to live in, she suffered herself to be persuaded by the sweet music of the decapitated words, and left her exalted state to dispute with him the mastery of the "andsome 'ouse." (\$1.25. U. S. Book Co.)

A VERY DELIGHTFUL book comes to us from the pen of D. O. S. Lowell, A.M., M.D., Master in the Roxbury Latin School. It is called "Jason's Quest" and it tells anew that exciting search for the Golden Fleece. The story is written for children; and Dr. Lowell never loses sight of the broad foundation and culture that comes from an intelligent understanding of the relationship of the early myths. Hence, early in the volume, he compares the custom of the ancient Jews of appeasing the divine wrath with appropriate sacrifices, with the sacrificial rites of the Greeks, and he even touches upon the difference between the construction of the Ark and of the Argo. In this way the isolated bits of knowledge that usually remain unrelated for years in a child's mind will be properly placed as they are read. The story is told simply, with an effort to keep to essentials. Yet we cannot but feel that the author has burdened his little volume with much learning and many references, of value to the student and of incalculable interest to him who tells the tale with mind still tingling with the delights of research. But to children who stumble over names, it is the narrative that is important and not the authorities. For this reason, such a book as the present will never take the place of Hawthorne's "Wonderbook" and "Tanglewood Tales" whose simple pages are filled with the imaginings of a poet and which but to mention sends the reviewer off into dreams of halcyon days when all his childish world was peopled with gods and goddesses, when every cloud was an aerial chariot concealing from mortal gaze the sacred form of an Athene or a Jove, and every sunbeam a ray from Apollo's crown. Nevertheless, Mr. Lowell's book is a valuable addition to mythological literature for children, and, with its spirited drawings, made by Mr. Reed in the manner of Flaxman's illustrations of Homer, will be a delight to young people and a true assistance to those older ones who would reveal to more youthful minds the marvellous and matchless realm of Grecian fable—the birthplace of beauty. (50 cts. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

A LOT OF PAPER novels, good, bad and indifferent, some translations, and most of them English reprints, have come to us from various publishing-houses. They will be welcome to those who read to kill time, and regard a book as a daily paper—something to throw away as soon as read. Two of the volumes are "The Wrong That was Done" (50 cts., Lovell, Coryell & Co.) and "The Fate of Sister Jessica" (25 cts., Tait, Sons & Co.), by F. W. Robinson. Anyone that is familiar with the advantageous blending of the real with the unreal, the sensational with the commonplace in this prolific author will not need to be told the nature of these stories. They in no wise differ from the ordinary tales he tells, and will, therefore, be read or rejected according to the reader's penchant for Mr. Robinson's tastes. "The Penance of Portia James," by Tasma (50 cts., Lovell, Coryell & Co.), has within its pages the fresh spirit of freedom and space that distinguishes the writings of this colonial dame. It is true that the scenes are laid in London, that Portia James does not, within the annals of the story, revisit the boundless plains of her antipodean home; but she never forgets that she was born in the Bush, and when on her wedding-day she discovers that the husband whom she has just married has betrayed a poor man's daughter, it is with true Australian vigor that she takes matters into her own hands. She leaves the impatient bride groom waiting for her appearance in the room below, and departs secretly on a wedding-tour all her own. Her penance (for just what injury committed, is somewhat doubtful) was her return to live with her husband after the death of the betrayed girl. There will be some perplexity in the reader's mind not dispelled by his confidence in the author's treatment of vexed social questions, for Tasma looks at and judges both life and men from an eminently practical point of view. Another volume is "Thérèse de Quilliane; or, On the Convent's Threshold," from the French of Léon de Tinseau by Frances S. Gray (50 cts., John Ireland). The name of this book is quite enough to bring it readers, for there is no interest so exciting as that produced by the mystery of taking an irrevocable religious vow. In this instance, the heroine of the book, Thérèse de Quilliane, had always believed herself destined for the Church. In vain the Mother Superior of the convent where she expected to make her vows begged her to reconsider. This she refused to do, until nature itself interposed and, in the form of a youth whom she grew to love, made her question the depth of her yearning for a monastic life. Suddenly, just as she was about to yield to the allurement of a worldly existence, she was convinced that her lover had been false. Without a word of explanation, she took the novice's veil. She learned the awful injustice she had done to her lover and the terrible mistake she was about to make, only when, months afterwards, she was arraying in her gorgeous gown (the most elaborate Paris could afford) for the final ceremony which was to make her a bride of the Church. Then, hearing indubitable proof of her lover's innocence, she fell swooning to the floor. A few months later, as she prepared herself to stand again

before an altar, it was as an earthly, not as a spiritual bride. It may not be uninteresting to the feminine reader to know that the gown did equally well for the second occasion, wherein Thérèse de Quilliane bore some resemblance to John Gilpin's wife, who, though she was on pleasure bent, still had a frugal mind. The other volumes are "A Dead Level, and Other Episodes"—a number of pithy short stories, by Fanny Purdy Palmer (Charles Wells Moulton); "The Silent Sea," by Mrs. Alice MacLeod (50 cts., Harper & Bros.); "Kitty's Father," by Frank Barrett (50 cts., Tait, Sons & Co.), and "The General's Daughter," a story of Russian village life, by N. H. Hotahenko, translated by W. Gaussen, B.A. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

EXTERNALLY, "From Out of the Past," by Emily Howland Hoppin, is an attractive book. It tells anew the old story of a man that did not know whether he was most in love with mother or daughter. The scenes are laid in that garden of France, Touraine, and a certain dreaminess of perfect skies and fruitful champaigns pervades the pages of the story, which is in itself slight, and has little to attract the reader beyond the pleasing English and its artistic simplicity. It has, however, an atmosphere which all that have been in that sunny land of art and antiquity will recognize as inseparable from the place. (\$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.)—"WAS HE THE OTHER?" is an absurd English tale, by Isabel Fitzroy, of a man whose dual nature so changed his outward appearance that he seemed two separate individuals. He made love to the heroine in both capacities—namely, in that of a ruffianly travelling-companion, who forced a kiss from her the first time he met her, while she was travelling alone in an otherwise vacant railway-compartment, and in that of a respectable member of society, who had a very decent demeanor toward the feminine portion of the world. As if in support of Oscar Wilde's mocking theories about women, recently promulgated in "Lady Windermere's Fan," the heroine concludes that she likes the audacious ruffian better and accepts his proposition of marriage before she entirely realized that he and the "other" were the same. She was, however, somewhat relieved when she found this out; because, while audacity is becoming in a lover, order and decorum contribute not a little to the good quality of a husband—besides, the "other" was rich, and the one she thought she was accepting was poor. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THERE HAS BEEN a common acceptance, hitherto, of the idea that Mrs. Burnett has preempted the title of "Dearest," at least for any fictional purpose, and that little Lord Fauntleroy's mother will go down to history as the unchallenged possessor of that epithet. But Mrs. Forrester puts in a rival claim for the title, in a novel that she has just issued under this title. Mrs. Forrester's Dearest was the governess of a poor, neglected little maiden that lived a Cinderella-like existence in the house of her step-mother and whose interests were constantly sacrificed to those of her jealous and cross-grained step-sisters. When Dearest came, however, things began to brighten up, and the little maiden blossomed out into a very attractive young woman, who, of course, captivated the prince of the book. Her step-sisters, after making such lamentable mistakes in their first love-affairs as only selfish step-sisters can, were obliged to satisfy themselves with very undesirable partners. If anyone has a suspicion that good people fail to get their deserts in this life and the bad ones prosper, let that one read "Dearest" and be convicted of unregenerate pessimism. (\$1.25. Tait, Sons & Co.)—"A LITTLE MINX," by Ada Cambridge, is the story of one of those women to whom nature has given the irresistible attraction of great sweetness of disposition and of great humanness. There was nothing brilliant in her personality; she was not intellectual or accomplished, she was just charming and womanly. In consequence, she had lovers by the score, two husbands and nearly a third. The author has told the simple narrative of the two marriages of this happy-natured woman, of the pleasant affectionate life she led with the two men, who were both splendid fellows and adored the amiable little woman that made their home so agreeable. But this part of the story is but a preparation for the latter half, wherein the author describes the true awakening of the little Minx—the actual moment of feeling when she realized what it was, herself, to love, not only to be beloved. It is an audacious situation for a novelist to make a woman, twice widowed, the heroine of a fresh and spontaneous love-affair, yet one to tempt the free and glowing pen of one writing under the generous influences of an Australian sky. The author has done her task with spirit and delicacy. She has succeeded in painting the kind of a woman that has within her the richness of nature that brings the whole world to her feet. Cruel as may appear the fate of this much-loved heroine, in being swept overboard in a storm while journeying toward her sailor-lover, the author has herein

obeyed the canons of art and thus avoided that most unromantic ending—a third marriage. (§1. D. Appleton & Co.)

"GRISLY GRISELL" is the nickname that was given to a poor disfigured little damsel whose face had been marred by an explosion of gunpowder. The scenes of the story, which is told by Charlotte Yonge, are laid in England in the fifteenth century in the tumultuous times of Henry VI.'s reign. Grisly Grisell was a faithful namesake of Chaucer's meek heroine, and bore rebuffs and hard names with a noble spirit of forbearance, studying only how she might make her presence endurable to those about her. To this end, she threw her energies into learning the nature of herbs and potions, and the wise counsel she was obliged to give herself under suffering taught her courage, judgment and sagacity. The time came when she made herself not only useful to, but beloved by, all about her, and won the confidence of those high in authority at Court and the affectionate devotion of her husband, who had been joined to her under compulsion and loathing. The tale is told with all of Miss Yonge's old charm, and, while it fails of the wide interest of her earlier and more ambitious novels, it gives a faithful picture of those violent times for all that care to trace the evolution of English manners and customs. (§1. Macmillan & Co.)—A MODERN AGRIPPA," by Caroline Earle White, is a story whose chief interest we believe will be due to the speculation of the reader as to the significance of its title. Just why this story of a girl that fell in love with, and encouraged the advances of, the future husband of her dearest friend, who was restored to the paths of rectitude and honor by a letter of renunciation, should bear the name of Augustus's friend and counsellor is more than we can imagine, or think it worth while to ponder over. The book also contains "Patience Barker," a tale of old Nantucket. (§1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Shakespeare and the Reformation."—Under this heading, the Rev. Beverley E. Warner of Bridgeport, Conn., in two articles in *The University Extension Magazine*, for February and March, discusses the date of the authorship of "Henry VIII." and "the story of the reformation in the play." The date he believes to have been in the reign of Elizabeth, or not later than 1603. He cites Charles Knight, who believes in the later authorship (1612 or 1613), as "frankly confessing that the majority of commentators hold to the earlier composition (1600-1603)." Malone, for instance, followed by Skottowe and Drake, "place it no later than 1603." All the more recent critics, however, so far as I am aware, agree in accepting 1612 or 1613 as the probable date.

Mr. Warner, like his predecessors on that side, quotes the "laudatory allusions to Elizabeth" in the play, and "the pleasant things said of Anne Bullen," which are "indirect incense to the Virgin Queen." He adds:—

"Now I maintain that these allusions to his predecessor on the throne could not have been pleasing to the ears of James, nor is it conceivable that they could have been written for public recitation after and so near the day of her death. Elizabeth had not only cut off the head of James's most unfortunate mother, but she had held him in a sort of tutelage (*vide* their published correspondence) which must have been galling to a man so vain, irritable, weak, and conscious of the scorn in which he was held. She scolded him like a virago. A man may stand such things perforce, but he does not forget them. James was a friend of the Players. One of his first royal acts was in their favor and for their benefit. He was glad enough to escape from the gloom of the Scottish court with its environment of sad-faced Puritanism, into the warm life and brilliant color of London. He set up as a theologian and was the foe of tobacco, but he did encourage the Drama. Shakespeare was too much of a courtier to make the mistake of courting a dead sovereign."

His theory of the history of the play is as follows:—

"That it was constructed, as Knight says, 'an historical drama to complete his great series,' in the last years, perhaps the last year, of Elizabeth's reign. At just this date (1603-4) broke out the great plague whereof more than 30,000 people died in London alone. The theatres were closed for a time, and when they re-opened James was King of England. The play of 'King Henry VIII.' was therefore laid aside, or, perhaps, forgotten save for its possible entry in the Stationer's Register. In the course of a few years it was revived (possibly, according to many writers, for the festival attendant upon the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of James, to the Elector Palatine) and called a new play because it was practically new to the stage of that period. The passage concerning James was inserted to throw a sop to the vanity of the reigning monarch, and to temper the laudation of the Virgin Queen, his predecessor,

The references to 'new nations' were evidently to commend the play to the pit and galleries, crowded with people who were all more or less touched with an enthusiasm for colonization, and had ventures on the sea. \* \* \* If Elizabeth did not see the play acted, she heard it read, as I believe, and it was written for this destiny. Otherwise there would have been no such gentle handling of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and we should have missed the clever workmanship which places the divorced Katherine in such a tender and touching relief, without reflecting upon the legitimacy of England's Virgin Queen."

Shakespeare, as Mr. Warner believes, intended to tell the story of the Reformation in the play, but he could not venture to do it fully and frankly. The Reformation was an accomplished fact but the dramatist "was obliged to tread on delicate ground":—

"Not only must he have been hampered by the recent occurrence of the events he sought to describe, but there were many persons living, and in high place at Court, who were either actors in the drama, or their immediate descendants. The royal daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn was on the throne. Loyal adherents of Katherine's daughter, Mary, were among the nobility. To a part of the nation the latter was a blessed saint, and to the larger part a bloody persecutor.

"So it happened that Shakespeare must tell his story without entering at length into details. He must paint the Reformation with the brush of an impressionist. We see, therefore, to use a modern illustration, that 'Henry VIII.' is a study of the English Reformation in the style of Turner's 'Rain, Steam and Speed,' rather than of Meissonier's '1809.'

The analysis of the play which follows is an ingenious plea in support of this view, but it does not seem to me entirely successful. I may refer to it again.

*Shakespeare and Burns.*—I find the following in an English journal recently sent me by a friend:—

"It was the fate of a practical and patriotic Scotsman of Rochester to assist at a meeting of a certain improvement society, the while a Shakespearian scholar dilated upon the virtues of his favorite writer. At the close of the meeting the stranger approached the lecturer, and the following dialogue ensued:—'Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, doctor?' 'I do so,' was the emphatic reply. 'An' ye think he was mair clever than Rabbie Burns?' 'Why, there's no comparison between them.' 'Maybe no, but ye tell us the nicht it was Shakespeare who wrote "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Now Rabbie would never hae written sic nonsense as that.' 'Nonsense, sir!' thundered the indignant doctor. 'Aye, just nonsense. Rabbie would haent fine that a king, or a queen either, dinna gang to bed wi' the croon on their head. They hang it ower the back o' a chair!'

### The Lounger

AFTER A VISIT of five weeks following a seventeen years' absence from this country, Mr. Walter Besant sailed for England last Saturday on the *Servia*. A few days before his departure, he climbed to *The Critic's* temporary quarters on the top floor of the Scribner building in Broadway, to answer orally a letter from the editors. I had the good fortune to be present, and enjoyed a half-hour's chat with the writer of delightful and deservedly popular novels, and organizer of the English Society of Authors. His brightness, amiability and heartiness of manner were just what one would expect in the humanitarian author of "All Sorts and Conditions of men"; and for the ruddy vigor of his physique I had been prepared by the portrait published in these columns on June 24. Mr. Besant had been delighted by his trip through New England and by his experiences in the West. "No one can claim to know America till he has seen Chicago," he exclaimed. Boston Common and the surrounding houses reminded him of a cathedral close, in Our Old Home. When I saw him two days later, on his return from a flying visit to Philadelphia, he expressed his pleasure in the beauty and quietness of the Quaker City. On the whole he had seen America through eyes unbiased by prejudice, and glasses rose colored rather than cerulean in hue. It will interest his readers to know that his last night in New York was devoted to "slumming" with a city missionary.

MR. BESANT takes an optimistic view of the situation created by the passage of the International Copyright bill, in December, 1890. "Has the new law proved as beneficial as you thought it would?" I asked. "Quite so," he replied. "The only persons who have been disappointed are the writers of no popularity, whose works had been printed in the cheap libraries over here, merely because they cost nothing and were useful in making up the periodical issues required to secure cheap postal rates. Finding their books reprinted by two or three American publishers at the same time,

they fondly said to themselves, 'What a harvest will be mine when I am paid a royalty on all sales!' When the time came for paying royalties, the American publishers immediately dropped the works of these poor fellows, and stuck to those of really popular writers. The latter, instead of getting a hundred pounds or so, for serial rights only, now get four or five times as much as they got before."

THE LEADING ARTICLE in *The Publishers' Circular* of July 1 is devoted to the effects of the American Copyright law. These effects, we are assured, have been by no means revolutionary. New York has not supplanted London as a publishing centre.

"American plates are occasionally sent to England; but that was a custom of the trade long before the Copyright Act was passed, and the number of such importations shows but an infinitesimal increase. We believe this fact has caused some disappointment on the other side, and has been accounted for by a supposed prejudice on the part of English readers against American type. Whether such a prejudice exists we do not know; but it is rumored that an American firm has been making large purchases of English type in order to satisfy the whims of the British reader. We fancy, however, the larger cost of having a book set up in America has more to do with the paucity of specimens of American printing in England than any question of taste. Nor can the peculiarities of American spelling, about which there was a lively correspondence in the press last year, be said to affect the matter; for even in England a section of the press has adopted Cousin Jonathan's method of orthography."

While the popular writer—the novelist with a public—finds his position greatly strengthened, since July 1, 1891, "to the young and unknown author the benefits of the Act are prospective rather than present." It is difficult for a beginner to arrange for an American edition of a work. "If he fail to find a publisher, most likely he will shrink from incurring the expense of the book himself; so that in nine cases out of ten a maiden effort loses copyright in America."



WALTER BESANT

*The St. James's Budget*, from whose columns we reproduce this excellent picture of Mr. Besant in marching order, is pleased to term the subject of these paragraphs "that typical Englishman, talented author, and champion of members of his craft." The writer continues:—"I see it is stated that he is studying the American girl, of whom we may look for some interesting impressions in his next novel. It is further stated that to accomplish this purpose he has gone to Chicago. What nonsense!"

TO A REPORTER who caught him at the Brevoort on his return from Chicago, Mr. Besant unbosomed himself thus freely:—

"The Literary Congress at the World's Fair has really been a most important affair. It was the first time English-speaking authors have had an opportunity of conferring, and that is just what they have long felt the need of. \* \* \* New York, I can say truly, gave the congress its life and spirit. The work of the men who represented her was most important, and their papers of unusual interest. \* \* \* There is coming out of the West a new literature. It is almost too early yet to tell definitely what its character will be, but whatever it is, it will be strong and new. I

could see in the writers I met in Chicago a power of unusual drift." (I wonder if these were Mr. Besant's exact words.) "It will take time to develop it, but it is there and developed it must be. Eugene Field, Stanley Waterloo, F. F. Browne and many others, including a number of women, are working toward that end."

Mr. Besant said he would advocate the holding in England of a literary congress such as he had just attended.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN was alluded to in *The Critic* of July 15—in connection with his verses "The Dismal Throng"—as a man who is "happiest when criticising his literary contemporaries." It would have been equally correct to speak of him as one who is miserable except when he is abusing his betters. An occasion for engaging in this congenial task was afforded by an article in the *July Author* called forth by Mr. Buchanan's attack on his own trade and fellow-craftsmen in the *June Idler*. I have read his letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, and am pleased to see that Mr. Smalley also has read it, and has felt about it pretty much as I have felt. This is, in part, what he says of it in last Sunday's *Tribune*:

"Mr. Buchanan's invective has always lacked finish, and his controversial manner does not mend with age. If he has a complaint against Mr. Besant, he does not make it very clear. He reviles him, indeed, for his 'grimy parade of figures and ferocious insistence on managing other people's business.' And again: 'The divine rights of authors have hitherto resolved themselves into the personal rights of Mr. Besant, Cockneydom, and the Log-rollers. Then we hear of Mr. Besant's 'shopkeeping bonhomie'; of his 'presiding over a trades-union of fellow-shopkeepers in the back parlor'; of his 'eternally cackling about pecuniary rewards and punishments'; and of many other awful offences.' \* \* \* 'I could stake my oath,' says this modest and kindly writer [Mr. Buchanan], 'that I have fed more mouths, and helped more struggling comrades than all the Societies of Authors put together.' Well, Mr. Besant's services are known, and there is no need to tell again the long and honorable story of his long struggle in behalf of that profession of Literature which to Mr. Buchanan seems 'a mean and snobbish profession.' Mr. Buchanan, in a manner, belongs to this mean and snobbish profession, and is entitled to speak for himself. Nor do I know why any notice need be taken of such spleenetic outbursts as these, from a disappointed and discredited writer. \* \* \* Nor do I see why Mr. Besant's ears should 'tingle,' unless or until he incurs Mr. Buchanan's praise."

*The Queen* prints under Mr. Besant's name some hurried notes of travel. Describing a Sunday afternoon in Central Park, he says that the roads were crowded with vehicles and those who drove them. "There were the long buckboard, the buggy, the 'Surrey,' the trotting machine—they have now reduced the thing to single wheel—the English carriage—everything that can be imagined in the way of carriages." (I, for one, cannot imagine anything more extraordinary than a vehicle with a single wheel.) "You must not walk on the grass," Mr. Besant continues, "because turf in Massachusetts is a delicate thing, and easily dries up if you trample it under foot." Why is the delicacy of "turf in Massachusetts" a reason for keeping off the grass in New York? Mr. Besant is evidently writing in hot haste; and he corrects this slip of the pen in a moment, by saying, "We have no park in London half so beautiful as Central Park, New York."

AT QUEENSTOWN, ON his way to America, Mr. Besant left the *Etruria* long enough to take a ride on a jaunting-car. "The drivers and the sellers of lace and of strawberries are more Irish than anything you ever saw in Ireland. Says a wayfarer—an artless son of the soil—to the driver, 'Tis the top o' th' marin' to ye, Pat.' How beautifully Irish! How poetical! 'Pat,' asks the Doubter, 'if you passed that man with no visitors on your car, would he say "The top o' th' marin' to ye," or would he say "Marnin', Pat?"' The driver laughs. "'Marnin'" he would say, or nothin' at all.' Quite so. It is a poetical race."

TAKING THIS ANECDOTE in connection with an incident that has come under my own observation lately, I judge that the Irish in America are more Irish than the Hibernians at home. Happening to lift the cover of a tin box set outside the kitchen door, a few nights since, for the baker to leave bread in, the next morning, I found this pencilled note in the cook's handwriting:—"Please leave three loves,—and the top of the morning to ye!"

ATTENTION HAS BEEN called to the fact that the novels of neither Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Barrie nor Dr. Conan Doyle have "a petticoat interest." They are devoted to the fortunes of heroes, rather than of heroines, and, what is astonishing, in the light of a foregone conclusion, they do not lack readers on that account. In one of Zola's most popular novels, "The Downfall" there is not a petticoat of any account. There is one woman who fits across its pages; but she is merely incidental.

## Parke Godwin on Mr. Curtis

BY PERMISSION of the Century Club, we print herewith several extracts from the admirable commemorative address on George William Curtis, delivered before the Club by Mr. Parke Godwin on Dec. 17, 1892:—

"It was at this time (1851-52) that I became more intimately acquainted with Mr. Curtis, so that henceforth I shall be able to speak of him from personal reminiscences. It came about in this wise: An enterprising publisher of New York, Mr. Putnam, had projected a magazine of the highest class, which should take rank beside the *Blackwoods* and *Frasers* of the Old World. We possessed some ponderous quarterlies, like *The North American Review* and others, mainly organs of religious denominations, but the magazine proper had scarcely risen beyond the second story back of the milliner shops. It was a hazardous undertaking, but the publisher was brave and the scheme was carried into effect. Mr. Charles F. Briggs, better known as Harry Franco, from a forgotten novel of his, was asked to take the helm as manager, and Mr. Curtis and myself were given each a laboring oar. We gathered a goodly company of assistants around us, nearly all the known men-of-letters of the time, and put forth a worthy pioneer of the more imposing ventures of to-day.

"Mr. Curtis was at that time a great favorite in society—not of the fashionable sort he afterwards satirized, but of a higher grade, which had historical pretensions, and retained some of the old flowing colonial courtesy and culture. His fine figure, his handsome face, his polished address, his humorous talk and growing fame as an author, got him easy access anywhere, or as Lowell has since rhymed it,

'all the charest doors  
Swung wide on flattered hinges to admit  
Such high-bred manners, such good-natured wit.'

A few feared lest the adulations heaped upon him should seduce him from the student's smoky lamp to Paphian bowers lit by gilded chandeliers and eyes more bright than jewels; but they knew little of his native good sense, his strong self-respect and his broad sympathies, which would have saved him at any time from scorching his wings in any false glare, however flattering or seductive. He got out of society, as out of everything else, whatever he thought to be good, and the rest he let go to the ash-barrel. \* \* \*

"All the while Mr. Curtis was flinging his squibs and crackers into Vanity Fair, he was wandering in a wholly different realm—a realm 'of ampler ether and diviner air.' He was writing for us, from time to time, papers of a much higher tone than any he had yet written, and which seemed to me, as I sometimes looked over the proof-sheets, to open an entirely new and rich vein in our literature. They were those exquisite reveries since published under the quaint title of 'Prue and I.' The main conception, the *Leit-Motif*, as Wagner would say, was as old as poetry and the arts—the steeping of the palpable and familiar in the glorious dyes of the ideal, which children's fables, folk-lore, Middle-Age legends, and great poets have done for us time out of mind; but Mr. Curtis's treatment of his theme was quite fresh and original and most captivating. His shabby old bookkeeper, in a faded cravat, whose brain teems with visions

'Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there  
In happier beauty,'

is one of the most delightful of dreamers. He roams not in the fabled world of ancient poets, peopled with oread or dryad fleet or naiad of the stream, nor in the world of more modern fancy, whose forest depths and fields and fountains teem with fairy shapes of peerless grace and cunning trickeries; but his caprices revel in a sphere of their own, whence all rude necessities are banished, and gentle passions and sweet longings for the serene and joyous and perfect reign alone. These are the Ariels with which he rides on the winds and plays on the curled cloud. How quaint is that touch, worthy of Elia, where, going back to his boyhood, he tells how he visited the wharves where the foreign ships come in, and returning home with a smell on his clothes, was chided by the good mother. He says: 'I retired from the maternal presence proud and happy. I was aromatic. I had about me the true foreign air. Whoever smelt me, smelt distant countries.' With what

a royal hospitality he sallied forth from his cold beef and cabbage to the avenues and squares where prosperous citizens were going to dinner, and furnished their tables more amply than those of any emperor. How the ladies in the gilded chariots, superb and sweet, each one his own Aurelia, seemed 'fairer than the evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,' while he lent to them a tongue like Perdita's, and the music of St. Cecilia herself. Could anybody resist an invitation to his castles in Spain, which 'stood lofty and fair in a luminous golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy perhaps, like Indian summer, but where no gales blew and there were no tempests. All the sublime mountains and beautiful valleys and soft landscapes were to be found in the grounds. From the windows looked the sweet women whom poets have painted, and bands of celestial music played all night to enchant the brilliant company into silence.' Mr. Franco and his colleague of the triumvirate used to look forward to these delightful papers, as one does to a romance 'to be continued'; and when we received one of them, we chirruped over it, as if by some strange merit of our own we had entrapped a sunbeam. We followed the lines so intently, with such various exclamations of pleasure, that a stranger coming in might have suspected both of us to belong to that wonderful company of eccentrics which the old scrivener summoned from the misty realms of tradition. \* \* \*

"It was an evidence of the fecundity and versatility of Mr. Curtis's gifts, that while he was thus carrying forward two distinct lines of invention—the one full of broad comic effects, and the other of exquisite ideals—he was contributing to the entertainment of our public in a half-dozen other different modes—monthly criticisms of music and the drama that broadened the scope and raised the tone of that form of writing; rippling Venetian songs that had the swing of the gondola in them; crispy short stories of humor or pathos; reminiscences of the Alps taken from his Swiss diaries; elaborate reviews of books, like Dickens's 'Bleak House,' the Brontë novels, Dr. Veron's *Mémoires*, Hiawatha and recent English poetry—including that of Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Thackeray, the Brownings and Tennyson—which, written forty years ago, have not been surpassed since by more appreciative, discriminating and sympathetic criticism, even in that masterly and more elaborate book of our fellow member, 'The Victorian Poets.' In addition to these, he gave us, from time to time, solid and thoughtful discussions of 'Men of Character,' of 'Manners,' of 'Fashion,' of the 'Minuet and the Polka' as social tide-marks, and of 'Rachel,' which may still be read with instruction and pleasure for their keen observation, their nice critical discernment, their cheerful philosophy, and their entrancing charms of style.

"Then, ever and anon, Mr. Curtis would be off for a week or two, delivering lectures on 'Sir Philip Sidney,' on 'The Genius of Dickens,' on 'The Position of Women,' and, in one case, a course of lectures in Boston and in New York on 'Contemporary Fiction.' In a galaxy of lecturers which included Emerson, Phillips, Beecher, Chapin, Henry Giles, and others, he was a bright particular star, and everywhere a favorite. A harder-working literary man I never knew; he was incessantly busy; a constant, careful, and wide reader; yet never missing a great meeting or a great address or a grand night at the theatre. From our little conclaves at No. 10 Park Place, where, I fear, we remorselessly slaughtered the hopes of many a bright spirit (chiefly female), he was seldom absent, and when he came he took his full share of the routine—unless Irving, Bryant, Lowell, Thackeray, or Longfellow sauntered in, and 'that day we worked no more.'

"We now approach a wholly different phase of our friend's activity—less agreeable than the others, but more important, and a phase which shows how brave, manly, and noble he could be in the face of the most alluring literary and social seductions. Up to the time of his joining us in Putnam, he had taken no part in politics. Like his friends Lowell and Longfellow, who had written, the one, 'Biglow Papers,' with a fervor that almost raised slang into a classic, and the other, 'Hymns of Slavery,' which brought tears to the eyes—though tears have never yet rusted away the chains of captive—he was intensely anti-slavery in feeling. But his opinions had not yet crystallized into definite shape. So far as he had any politics at all, they were a general acquiescence with the Whig



FROM "George William Curtis."—Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

school as interpreted by Seward, who was still a watcher of times and seasons. Like all scholars, he felt what Milton has described as 'an unwillingness to leave the quiet and still air of delightful studies to embark on a troubled sea of noises and harsh disputes.' Yet he was one of those who thought that a man-of-letters had something else to do in this world than to sing love-ditties to Amaryllis in the shade, or paint pretty pictures for the cultured classes.

"Be that as it may, it was impossible for a man of genius and soul, at that day, to resist the great ground-swell of popular passion fast coming to the surface. Those years, from 1848 to 1860, were years of revival and resuscitation, when the American people went back to breath the invigorating air of their early days.

"It seems as if such excitements must have distracted him from literary pursuits, but these had now become only the more regular and exacting. Since 1853, Mr. Curtis, without severing his connection with *Putnam*, had written in a desultory way for *Harper's Magazine*, and he finally accepted an editorial department of it, called the Editor's Easy Chair. It was the name given to a form of literary work which, begun by a Frenchman, Montaigne, who is still first in merit as he was first in time, has long been a favorite with English readers. \* \* \* But to find his proper parallels we must come down to Goldsmith, Lamb, Irving and Thackeray. How many thousands gladly recall what a privilege and delight it has been for many years to have this commentator visit them every month, to tell them what to admire and what to impugn, and to inspire them as they sat in their own easy-chairs with kindlier feelings towards their fellows, to dissipate the blues of business or public affairs, and to send them to bed with buoyant hopes for the morrow! What pleasant companionship he helped us to form with the forgotten poets, from whom he would furnish little-known but delicious verses; with misprized story-tellers like that fine fellow, Fielding, despite his bedraggled clothes; or with our childhood's friend, dear old John Bunyan! How we would visit with him at the Brownings in Florence, or get a chatty letter from them, or go out to supper with that grim old ogre and cynic, Titmarsh, and find him to be, after all, one of the most simple and kindly of men; or hear the famous Boz read once more of Pickwick and Sam and Buzfuz and the widder! How he made the stately Everett come before us and speak over again one of his pieces, with all the attitudes and gestures rightly put in; or the fiery Phillips wield his keen, incisive, glittering rapier—but bloodless now! As for the mimic world of the stage, so entrancing to many of us, he would ring his little bell, and the curtain would rise, and the elder Booth or the elder Wallack would reappear, for this time only; or the younger Booth, with his matchless elocution, recite a bit of Hamlet; or Mrs. Kemble give to Shakespeare a new delight by her recitations; or the dear old John Gilbert revive Sir Peter or Sir Anthony till your sides ached; or Jefferson sidled on as poor Rip, to make the heart as well as the sides ache. Now and then he would take you aside and whisper slyly into your ear the gossip of the sylphs of the season at Newport, or turn the key into enchanted chambers where the echoes still lingered of voices long silent—of Pasta and Grisi and Sonntag and Jenny Lind, and where Thalberg and Sivori and Ole Bull once played—in short, open a thousand sources of keen and noble enjoyment.

"You may say, perhaps, that any editor of a periodical can play this showman's part. Oh, yes; but not with the inexhaustible variety of matter, the imitable grace of manner, of Curtis. His superiority was shown when, called away altogether, the whole literary world asked, 'And who can take his place?' and the whole literary world answered, 'No one.' Well might that world feel kindly towards him, for in all those forty years he had made and left no rankling wound. If anyone was to be reproved, he was reproved with a smile that took away the sting. Even

'The stroke of death was like a lover's pinch,

Which hurts and is desired.'

When a cancer was to be cut out, it was cut out with the surgeon's delicate lancet, and never with the soldier's sword, much less with the butcher's cleaver. In fact, he taught us how to censure, and censure severely, but without bitterness, as he taught us how to jest without grimace, and to instruct without pedantry or assumption.

"It was observed of the Easy Chair that no allusion was ever made by it to passing politics, even when

'The day was filled with slaughter,

And the night-sky red with flames.'

Excepting, perhaps, by a picturesque glance at departing troops, or a shadow of disaster moving over the page like an ominous cloud. The pleasant, graceful talk went rippling on its way, as fresh as a mountain brook through daisied meadows; and you might have supposed the genial talker cosily seated in some rustic retreat amid cooling dews and odorous grasses, and listening to the songs of birds and the musical whispers of the winds. But all the while he was in the centre of strife. \* \* \*

"Mr. Curtis owed his successes to the voice no less than to the pen, and this address would be exceedingly imperfect if it did not dwell for a moment on his peculiar oratory. 'Eloquence,' he somewhere says, 'is the supreme charm of speech,' giving it precedence over song, 'but where the charm lies is the most delusive of secrets. It is the spell of the magician, but it is not in his wand or in his words. It is the tone of the picture, it is the rhythm of the poem. It is neither a statement nor an argument, nor a rhetorical, picturesque, or passionate appeal. It is all these penetrated and glowing with the power of living speech—a magnetism, a fascination, a nameless delight.' But however it is to be explained, I can bear witness to the fact in his case. \* \* \*

"Under the immediate influence of the spell, one was ever too full of the pleasure to undertake to analyze, or even to wish to analyze, its sources, and only in cooler moments, when the effect had passed off, could he recall them. He would, then, perhaps, remember the liquid and equable flow of the voice, pure and rich in tone, distinct in enunciation and melodious in inflection and cadence; the limpid simplicity and purity of the language, at the same time sinewy and strong; the kindled eye and the rapid changes of feature answering to each emotion as it arose; the play and flash of imagery, like lightning in a summer cloud—never brought in as mere ornament, but arising spontaneously as the only possible vehicle of the thought; the thought itself, always natural, apposite and impressive, but borne on some wave of feeling which pulsated through each sentence like rich blood in the cheeks of a sensitive woman; the felicity of the allusions or quotations, each one of which was like turning on a new shade of color; and then the perfect symmetry and completeness of the whole—no part obtrusive, no part deficient—and all presented with such an absence of apparent effort, such consummate ease and grace of delivery, that no room was left in the mind of the hearer for any emotion but that of admiration and delight. \* \* \*

"As I look back on this rare, sweet, gentle, great personality, there comes before me, as an external emblem of it, the palm-tree he once saw in Capri—gently throned upon a slope of richest green, and crowned with brilliant and fragrant flowers, as it rose in separate and peculiar stateliness in the odorous garden air. Towering far above its selected society of shining fig-trees and lustrous oleanders, it looked through the dream-mists of southern Italy down upon the bright bay of Naples, where all the civilizations of the ages have at some time passed—across to the islands of the sirens who sang to Ulysses; to the orange groves of Sorrento, where Tasso was born; and to the rocky shelves of Posillipo, where Virgil lies buried. As it looked, the birds came and lodged in its branches—tropic birds with their songs of love; birds of the far Norland, who chanted their mystic runes; and vocalists without a name, whose magic accents carry the secrets of the elves and fairies—while the people gathered in its shade for shelter, and ate its luscious fruit for strength, and listened to its melodies for cheer. But the palm, we are told, had a song of its own—a prophetic song, which told of a broad and ever-flowing river, ever flowing through greener grasses, under sunnier skies, to an eternal summer; typical of that grand stream of humanity which, though it sometimes breaks in cataracts, and bears the woes of earth on its bosom—funeral processions as well as festal processions—and reflects from its surface the storms no less than the smiles of heaven, is gliding ever on, ever on, to a future of larger liberty, surer justice, broader culture, and a universal love and peace. If that tree is now fallen, and its trunk lies prostrate on the mould that decays, and the birds sing no more in its branches, yet the echoes of its own song float on, and the thought of its beauty is to us who knew it, and will be to those who shall come to know it, 'a joy forever'; yes, a joy forever—but

'Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!'

### London Letter

THE DEATH of Guy de Maupassant has produced a considerable effect amongst us, and would have produced more had it not occurred on the very day of the royal wedding. Hitherto the notices of him in this country have been inadequate; I hear that great efforts are being made by the editors of the leading reviews to obtain authoritative notices of him for their August numbers, but the moment is inauspicious,—people are gone away, or else hopelessly busy preparing for the holidays. Nobody has remembered, I think, that Maupassant was once in England; he came over to London about six years ago, for a single week, but scarcely anyone saw him. A dinner, I believe, was arranged among some people of letters to meet him, but he failed to turn up. Even then his health was very shaky; one of his companions on that occasion said that he could not get through the day unless his servant poured water from a height on the nape of his neck.

An amusing coincidence is worth recording here, though Maupassant himself has told the story in his preface to a French translation of Mr. Swinburne's poems. More than twenty years ago, when the future novelist was a mere lad, he was sailing his yacht outside the white cliffs of Normandy, when he saw approaching an object of unusual form and color. It was the figure of Mr. Swinburne, who had been carried out by the tide while swimming, and was now in a very perilous condition indeed. The poet was saved, and during the return voyage to Dieppe (this I think is an unpublished particular) sat in the stern sheets wrapped in a sail, and recited the poems of Victor Hugo. In return for his succor, the square-built and ruddy young Norman (who looked as little as possible like a future man-of-letters) was invited to dinner with Mr. Swinburne, who was then living near Dieppe. Legend reports, and I think I recollect that poor Maupassant confirms, that roasted monkey formed the *pièce de résistance* on this classic occasion.

Maupassant has been very widely read in England during the last ten years; he has probably been much more widely read than any other Frenchman, certainly more than either Zola or Loti, his most obvious competitors. I think we see the result of the study of his books in several of our young novelists, but I know not where we can look for a reproduction of his solid force, his lucidity, his unfailing competence of workmanship.

The book of the week is, of course, Lady Burton's life of her husband,—a labor of love to which she has devoted a vast amount of pious energy. Devotion such as Lady Burton's can scarcely hope to produce a biography which shall seem to the impartial critic altogether final and unbiased; but everyone will read with interest the record whose principal fault is the fulness of the author's love for her subject. It is a voluminous work, in two large tomes.

Readers of *The Critic* will doubtless remember the controversy which took place some two years ago between Archdeacon Farrar and Messrs. Cassell & Co., when the author of "The Life of Christ" cast blame upon his publishers for having secured what he considered an undue share in the profits of that work. The correspondence was bitter enough at the time, but now, it is pleasant to learn, the dissentients have joined hands once more. The Archdeacon is, I hear, engaged in revising the "Life," and has, moreover, just undertaken a new book to be published by the same firm.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould seems to be one of the most versatile writers of the day. A few months ago he emerged from his usual course of fiction with an historical work, "The Tragedy of the Cæsars," and his new novel, "Mrs. Curgenvon of Curgenvon," has but just concluded its serial appearance in *The Cornhill Magazine*. And now he is reported to be engaged upon a work on "The Deserts of Central France," which will be ready by the autumn. Considering that Mr. Baring-Gould has also produced a biography of Robert Stephen Hawker of Morwenstow, and several volumes on West country folk-lore, to say nothing of a collection of ballads and many original hymns, it seems as though there were no limit to his infinite variety. Mr. Gould spends most of the year in his Devonshire vicarage on the edge of Lew Down, a country with which his admirers are familiar as the scene of several of his earlier novels.

Playgoers have been attracted this week by the marvellous dances of Miss Loie Fuller, who starts for America at the moment at which this letter is despatched. Her stay here has been of only five nights' duration, but she has appeared twice every evening, at the Gaiety and Shaftesbury Theatres, going through no fewer than four dances at each house. Her performance consists of the most bewildering elaboration of the serpentine dance which has yet been attempted, and is so exhausting that upon the first evening of her appearance she fainted at the conclusion of the last wild whirl. It will be interesting to hear how she is received in New York, for when she was last in America she had but little success. Indeed, her career has been a very chequered one, and for years it seemed as if fortune had turned its back upon her. It was not till a German agent introduced her to the Folies Bergères that she took Paris by storm, and secured herself the position of a popular favorite. Since her first triumph, she has saved money regularly from her salary to pay off the debts which she contracted some years ago during an unfortunate season in London, when she appeared at the Globe Theatre in a drama called "Caprice,"—debts which were, I understand, contracted owing to an American gentleman, who had promised to finance her season, failing to fulfil his agreement.

I was talking a week or two ago of Ibsen parody, and this week we have had yet another example. On Monday Mr. J. T. Grein, the manager of the Independent Theatre, gave an "At home" at St. George's Hall, the room usually occupied by the German Reed combination. The entertainment consisted of three pieces, two of which seem to have been of little worth; but the third—"The Jerry-Builder," by Mrs. Hugh Bell—gave an immense amount of amusement. The chief success was attained by Miss Violet Van-

burgh of the Lyceum Company, who imitated Miss Elizabeth Robins with delightful felicity, catching her every accent and movement. The book was no less clever than the acting, and, at the conclusion of the performance, Mr. Grein urgently assured the audience that the parody intended no disrespect to Ibsen, but partook rather of that imitation which is the sincerest form of admiration. After all, most travesty is of that complexion.

LONDON, 14 July, 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### Boston Letter

IT WAS ONE of the hottest of the hot days this summer—that sultry morning last week when Gen. Humidity routed all the forces of energy and good temper; and yet when the tall form of the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale and the strong, kindly face appeared before me, there was not the slightest evidence in his features or his movements of a feeling of depression or lassitude. Indeed, this man of seventy-one summers, who in a lifetime has accomplished the work of half a dozen men in half a dozen professions, talked and walked with more vigor than many of the young men I met that day. He had under his arm two designs for the cover of his new book of poems, and I took the liberty of making a few inquiries regarding the work. It is to be published by Roberts Bros. in the fall, and is to include both the secular and religious poems of fifty years.

It was rather amusing to hear the off-hand way in which Dr. Hale dismissed his work when I inquired about the character of the poem; for we all know what he can write and does write, and we all wonder how in the world he finds time to do that writing, with the thousand and one cares he takes upon himself. The two covers from which the selection was to be made were designed by his son the artist, Philip L. Hale, who is now in Paris but who, as his father tells me, is soon to return to Boston to take charge of classes at the Boston Art School. Philip Hale has resided abroad for a number of years now, although his early art-education was obtained in America at a college in New York. While in Paris, besides painting, he has written for periodicals and especially for the Boston *Commonwealth* of which his father is one of the editors. Now he returns to America for good.

The two covers were very pretty works of art, one being a simple design with a slight landscape view, and with "Poems by E. E. H." as a title. The other, more elaborate, showed a set figure—in my hasty glance I did not notice closely and therefore cannot say what typical figure—and gave as the title "Poems by Edward Everett Hale." Dr. Hale's personal preference seemed to be for the more simple cover, particularly as it did not bear his full name. And then in his breezy way, as Dr. Hale left me, after inquiring if there was any especial news and receiving my reply that there was nothing, he threw back this epigram to put under the weights of thought: "Happy is the country whose history is not written."

The body of Mrs. Anna Bronson Alcott Pratt, the last of the four "Little Women," whose death was noted in last week's *Critic*, was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord last Wednesday. The Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, the Unitarian pastor of the town, officiated and read the poem written by Louisa Alcott on the occasion of her mother's death. Frank B. Sanborn, who with the exception of Dr. Harris is now the last of the Concord philosophers, spoke feelingly of the Alcott family. No pall-bearers were selected, but at the grave, where some fifty people were gathered, flowers were sprinkled over the remains of gentle "Meg." In the *Advertiser*, a few days ago, appeared a long article about Mrs. Pratt, and though I do not know its origin, yet I could surmise that it was written by Mr. Sanborn. In it he wrote of the lady who has just passed away, that Louisa has sketched her character faithfully as the sweet, care-taking Meg, thoughtful for the comfort and welfare of others before herself. She was not known in the literary world, though it is due chiefly to her care and forethought that the material for the recent biography of her sister was so abundant. The readers of "Little Women" will remember the "Operatic Tragedies" which were played so successfully by the four talented performers; and they will rejoice to learn that these have been preserved by Mrs. Pratt's care, and that they are soon to be published in a volume which she herself prepared, as one of the last acts of her life. It was in her domestic life, as daughter, wife and mother, that her character has shown most brilliantly. There is no one who has not felt a warm affection for sweet, motherly Meg; and all will grieve to learn that she has gone to join Beth, Amy and Jo.

Only a week or so ago I chronicled the suggestion of William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic") that Charles Breck be sent to Europe to represent America at the coming congress of old men, Mr. Breck being not only ninety-five years of age, but also the oldest Mason in the country. Now I must record the death of Mr. Breck, who passed away last week at his home in Milton. He had the interesting honor of being clerk of an organization which has only two

like it in the country—namely, "A Society for Apprehending Horse Thieves." The Milton Society was organized in 1819 and has continued in existence ever since. I imagine it has had very little to do in recent years, but in the past it was very effective, recovering, without expense to the owner, every horse stolen in the town. Here is a chance for a realist to write a short story.

BOSTON, 25 July, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Chicago Letter

MUCH HAS BEEN said and written of Columbus in connection with the Exposition, but it is only recently that he has been fittingly honored in the Fair itself as its centre and symbol. The lovely calm old convent of La Rabida, whose flowery court cannot be dispossessed of its restfulness even by the hurrying crowd, contains, to be sure, innumerable tributes to the perseverance and valor of the discoverer, and many portraits of him so unlike each other that a man must be exacting indeed who cannot find among them his own ideal. It is pleasant to wander through these shady cloisters, with their suggestion of monastic life, to study the letters of Columbus, the portraits, and the queer blind old maps; and then to go outside and see the caravels at anchor in the lagoon—picturesque little vessels which look as though the slightest squall would overturn them. Here one is brought in closer contact with the man we are celebrating than anywhere else on the grounds; we can realize here some of the disadvantages he labored under, the opposition he endured and conquered, his persistent self-confidence and unwavering courage. And we are better prepared after such an expedition to appreciate the great statue which was erected a few weeks ago, fittingly in the very focus of the Fair, before the Administration Building and facing the wide gay plaza.

Its position makes it an architectural feature, and as such it was designed and executed by Augustus St. Gaudens, who was assisted in the modelling by Mary T. Lawrence. It forms a centre for the eye in the great building, focussing one's attention and proclaiming to the world the reason for this festive celebration, and it is worthy of its prominence. One need not search farther for an ideal of the discoverer, for here is the invincible Columbus, great-hearted in the midst of success, loyal and reverent in the first hour of his triumph. He is shown at the moment of landing, as he takes possession of the soil for God and the King. His fine bared head is upturned as he stands with drawn sword planting the flag of Castile and Aragon under strange skies. It is eminently decorative, this mailed figure outlined against the folds of cloak and wind-spread banner; but it is also alive, its action is impressive, its vitality convincing. It has the grand touch, the mark of the heroic, which will carry its story into the heart of the throng of people that passes before it. Mr. French's beautiful quadriga, with its fine figure typifying the triumph of the discoverer, is placed too high to make this direct appeal, and it is fortunate therefore that St. Gaudens has made it, that Columbus stands forth at this celebration of his achievements to tell his own heroic story.

I have already written something of the superb loan-collection in the Art Building at Jackson Park; but of the moderns who form an important part of it I did not speak. The impressionists are well represented, and he must be conservative indeed who does not find beauty in the pictures which they exhibit here. With the exception of one in gray, the paintings by Monet are full of color without being either startling or aggressive. The "Morning Fog" is exquisitely delicate, exquisitely suggestive of the pale colors of the dawn on rising mists. No one who has seen the sun rise in northern latitudes, who has watched its cold diffusion of the lingering fog, transfigured by yellow light, can doubt the truth of this picture of it. The clear, cold "Dawn on the Coast of the North Sea" is less beautiful but quite as conspicuously veracious, and an interesting contrast to it. A "Snow Scene" is surprisingly gray and black for Monet, proving that his eye does not see color where it is not present.

But the gayest of these paintings is the "Harbor of Havre," covered with bright splashes of color which take form and substance at a little distance and give one a radiant picture of busy life and activity in the beautiful blue harbor. Sisley is represented by a "Village Street" admirably rendered, and Pissarro by three landscapes which show him at his best. The day is past when the work of these men must be apologetically defended. Monet's influence upon his contemporaries has been too vital to be longer ignored, too beneficent in many cases to be despised. His own work is not always of the best, but his average is remarkably high and he has painted some great pictures. Renoir is represented by an unlovely thing in which, however, the illusion of sunlight is admirable; and Degas by two characteristic studies of repose before action—one of race-horses and the other of ballet-girls. "The Dancing Lesson" is artistic realism, a vivid, convincing, fascinating combination of ugliness and beauty. Raffaelli is here, too, with a

wonderful character study, "The Absinthe Drinkers," and a glimpse of the "Place de la Trinité, Paris," which matches Monet's "Havre" in activity but not in color. Of the predecessors of these men, there is a sumptuous festival in color by Monticelli; and two fine marines by Monet are hung. One understands the latter better, however, through his "Dead Toreador," superbly handled with admirable simplicity and directness. There is no circumlocution in his touch; it goes straight to the mark and tells his story as inflexibly as nature itself. Cazin, on the contrary, loves to veil his tales in mists and shadows, to reveal them only through the mystery of half-lights. His landscapes nearly always have this mark of the poet upon them, and here it is noticeable especially in "The Flight into Egypt" and the lovely "Moonlight in Abbeville."

The originality of "The Expulsion from Paradise" is less lovely, and it might have been better if, as in the beautiful, clear, cold "Elsinore," the figures had been left to the imagination. Still another of the great painters is well represented, for two panels by Puvis de Chavannes give one a glimpse of the finest decorative work of our time. Bastien-Lepage is shown in two small and beautiful paintings, Regnault in a sunny landscape and Dagnan-Bouveret in two charming peasant portraits. There are examples, too, of Ingres and Couture, of Detaille, Meissonier and De Neuville, of Isabey, of Gérôme and Carolus-Duran, of Français and Fantin-Latour. The three rooms containing these treasures are the most satisfying of all in the Art Building, for the entire collection does not contain half a dozen pictures that one would wish away. A wall of one of the rooms was recently hung, however, with a collection of paintings by Elihu Vedder which are out of harmony with their surroundings. Mr. Vedder's work in black-and-white is so far superior to these formal, stilted compositions in color that it is almost unjust to the artist to hang them.

The committees on awards in the department of fine arts at the Exposition have recently been appointed. That on painting consists of the following men:—Chase, Whitridge, Gifford, Hovenden, LaFarge, Nicoll, Farney, Shirlaw, Maynard, Melchers and Millet of the United States; Davis, Princep and A. Hunt of Great Britain; Alquist and Dill of Germany; Boggiani, Del Nero and Cosenza of Italy; Farasyn of Belgium; Apol and Vos of Holland; Espina of Spain; Fenellosa of Japan; and Zorn of Sweden. The jury on sculpture is smaller and contains these names:—French and Warner of the United States, Brock of Great Britain, Triebel of Germany, Papotti and Campillo of Spain, Van Ardelli and Del Nero of Italy, and Zorn of Sweden. The judges on etchings and engravings are Dielman and Davis of the United States, Short of Great Britain, Vos of Holland, Alquist of Germany, and Zorn of Sweden. The jury elected its own officers as follows:—President, Henry W. B. Davis of Great Britain; First Vice-President, Angelo Del Nero of Italy; Second Vice-President, Don del Campillo of Spain; and Secretary, Frederick Dielman of the United States. Active work was begun by these juries last week.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have recently published a sketch of the life of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, which will be valuable to everyone who is interested in philanthropy. It was prepared for the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition under the supervision of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, who assisted the Baroness in carrying out several of her projects and is familiar with her many charities. The correspondence between Mrs. Palmer and the Duchess of Teck is prefixed to the well-printed little volume; and the biography itself is clear and concise, telling a remarkable story of patience, generosity and devotion.

The congresses on education have been largely attended and will continue to hold conferences in the Art Institute throughout the present week. During the week beginning July 31st, the many halls of the building will be occupied by the congresses on art and on engineering. The information obtainable at present in regard to the former is meagre, but I am able to announce a few papers. The congress will be opened on Monday evening with an address of welcome by Mr. Bonney, which will be followed by a lecture on the "Relation of Literature to Art" by Mr. Walter C. Learned, who is chairman of the committee. In the next evening Mr. Frederic Keppe will speak on "Copper-Plate Engraving," and for Wednesday lecture by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith on "The Illustrative Arts of America" is announced. Mr. Learned also promises papers by Mr. W. M. R. French, Director of the Art Institute, on the "Present Position of American Painting and Sculpture," by Mr. Lorado Taft on "Modern French Sculpture," by Mr. Muylbridge on "Animal Locomotion in connection with Art," by Mrs. Candace Wheeler on "Decorative Art," and by Mr. Timothy Cole on "Wood-Engraving in America."

CHICAGO, 25 July, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

### Siamese Literature and Books on Siam

THERE SEEMS to have been no native literature among the Siamese—toward whom French aggression has recently directed the world's eye—previous to their settlement in their present abode, which occurred near the beginning of the fourteenth century. In the many romances and legendary poems, there is a tendency to description rather than to narration; and they are all, with one or two noteworthy exceptions, imbued with the somewhat licentious imagination of the race. Some works on prosody, rhetoric and allied topics are extant, as well as treatises on law, which are much more exhaustive than one would naturally expect. Phra Narai, who was King at the time of Louis Quatorze, was the most eminent patron of literature and the arts that they know of. In his reign flourished Cheing Meing, probably the greatest of the historians. The many fine poems, dramatic and other, that Phra Khein Lukonlen composed insure for him the first rank in Siamese literature. The sweetness and elegance and, sometimes, the sublimity of the few of his writings still preserved, atone in part for their grossness. He seems to have been the first to abandon the well-worn paths of the Indian and Persian literature, whence his countrymen had been accustomed to draw their inspiration and plots, and to write of the affairs of his own nation. The drama is the most popular form of literature in Siam, and in Bangkok, at any time, booths may be seen, or on the river floating *sallas*, where tragedy or comedy is amusing a large audience. Since the death of Phra Narai the arts of Siam have been nearly at a stand-still. But the elaborate architecture and sculpture, and wall-paintings of great merit testify to a former love of art which may at some time reawaken.

We print a list of the more important books in English on Siam, for the benefit of any reader who may desire to extend his knowledge of that temporarily important country:—Sir John Bowring's "Kingdom and People of Siam" (1857), Henri Mouhot's "Travels in Indo-China, Siam, Cambodia and Laos" (1864), Anna H. Leonowens's "The English Governess at the Siamese Court" (1870), Frank Vincent Jr.'s "Land of the White Elephant" (1873), Bayard Taylor's "Siam" (1881), Carl Bock's "Temples and Elephants" (1884), A. R. Colquhoun's "Among the Shans" (1885), Mary L. Cort's "Siam; or, The Heart of Farther India" (1886), Hallett's "A Thousand Miles on an Elephant" (1889) and Dr. J. Anderson's "English Intercourse with Siam in the Seventeenth Century" (1890).

Mrs. Leonowens's book is probably the most popular, and gives a very broad though rapid view of the country and its customs. Bayard Taylor's "Siam" is, of course, excellent.

### Capt. Mahan's "Sea Power" Books

WE HAVE RECEIVED the following communication from Rear Admiral Luce:—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I beg to call your attention to the enclosed clipping from the London *Times* in which Capt. Mahan's latest work, "The Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution," is ably reviewed. There is another exhaustive review of this book in *The Edinburgh Review* for April. It is a singular fact that these books have elicited far more attention abroad than at home. *The Critic* was about the only periodical in the United States to review the first book, "The Influence of Sea Power on History," and to call attention to its surpassing merits. In fact, I find *The Critic* is indispensable to one wishing to keep posted on all that is worth reading in the literature of the day.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 15 May, 1893. S. B. LUCE, U. S. N.

At an American dinner in London, not long since, Mr. Gladstone pronounced Capt. Mahan's last work "*the book of the age*"; and Mr. Balfour said practically the same thing. These views, together with the elaborate notice in *The Edinburgh Review*, place Mahan at the very top of the list of writers of that class of historical works. And yet this is the man the authorities "break out" from his literary work at the Naval College at Newport and send to sea! That is to say, he has been taken from the highest order of work that is bringing so much credit to the Navy and which he alone, of all the Navy, is able and willing to perform, to do a duty which any one of a dozen men can do equally well—perhaps better. "A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country." We make room for a single extract from the 24 column notice of "The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire" referred to in Admiral Luce's letter:—

"We are compelled alike by the immensity of the subject, the novelty of its treatment, and the comparative narrowness of the space at our command to dwell mainly on the broad outlines of Capt. Mahan's work and the broad features of his method, without

attempting to follow his masterly exposition in detail. The latter is the less necessary, perhaps, because the character of the book and the reputation of its author will inevitably and immediately commend it to the attentive study of all who concern themselves seriously with the history of their country and the true conditions of its prosperity and security. By the professional student of naval warfare, moreover, whether in its strategical or its tactical aspects, the book will at once be recognized as an altogether indispensable text-book; for, while his grasp of strategical issues is almost unrivalled, and his insight into the philosophy of naval history is altogether unprecedented in naval literature, Capt. Mahan never loses an opportunity of pointing the tactical moral wherever the nature of his subject-matter permits or invites him to do so. His luminous exposition abounds in these incidental digressions and illustrations, which give life to his pages and variety to his narrative, while shedding a flood of suggestive light on many of the still unsolved problems of modern naval warfare. It would be easy to fill many a column with extracts bearing upon this point, and not a few more with illustrations of Capt. Mahan's sustained force of style and felicity of literary exposition. But we prefer to treat his great work from a central point of view and to dwell upon its fundamental characteristics; and we must content ourselves with saying, in conclusion, that, though it might be an exaggeration to compare him with Adam Smith for reach of thought, profundity of insight, and sagacity of speculation, yet it is no more than the truth to say that the spirit in which he has approached the novel and fruitful study of the 'Influence of Sea Power upon History' is not unworthy to be compared with that in which the great Scottish thinker approached the study of the 'Wealth of Nations.'"

### Guy de Maupassant

SAYS the New York *Times*:—"Maupassant's novels are superb, but it is by his tales—we call them short stories, but the French preserve the designation of *contes* \* \* \* that he takes a place in the line of Rabelais, Mazot, Villon, Regnier and Molière. \* \* \* He made modern the *genre*, in which the Queen of Navarre, King Louis XI. and Bonaventure des Périers were adepts, in which La Fontaine naturalized Boccaccio and Voltaire secured readers that fifty years of his philosophy repelled. He has done more than make modern their *genre*—he has made it intensely French. In our Anglo-Saxon training we may, if we wish, adversely criticise the *genre*, condemn new manifestations of it until they become classical, insist that it is not moral, and have no other reason than that it is an exotic to our manners, but we cannot criticise Guy de Maupassant's application of his art to the *genre* without recognizing that in power of execution he is unapproachable in contemporary literature. The impression which he made in France, where literary reputation is of proverbially slow growth, was startling. He was famous at the publication of the first tale signed with his name, and after ten years of incessant labor and a year of mental death he leaves a record which is best conveyed in the following expressions of his most authoritative co-laborers in French literature."

A long list follows of quotations from the opinions of Maupassant expressed by eminent French writers. We make room for the first only, that of M. Sully Prudhomme:—

"Maupassant's style seduces me by its simplicity combined with power; the relief of it is made of precision. Nothing in it cries out, nothing gesticulates. He effaces himself before the things that he represents, confiding to them alone, by the sincerity of the expression, the charge to excite emotion. Whether he cared or not for the social influence of his work, Maupassant, by the vigor of his frank talent, without any sort of complacency, either in the perversion of curiosity or of prudery, seems to me to be the representative of French genius in all its virile elegance."

### The Drama

#### "Shadows of the Stage"

THE SECOND SERIES of "Shadows of the Stage," by William Winter, contains much interesting reading and biographical information, arranged in a most compact and attractive form, for students and lovers of the theatre. Mr. Winter speaks with all the authority of long experience and careful study and is master of a fluent and graceful style, which confers a charm even upon what in less skillful hands would be a mere compilation of dry facts. In a prefatory chapter he protests against the assumption, only too common in the daily press, that the sole or chief function of the stage is to amuse, and ridicules the notion that jaded nerves cannot be rested or refreshed without making the theatre a playground for idiots or a hospital for victims of dyspepsia. He blames the managers who debase their calling under the absurd plea of supplying an inexorable public demand, which in fact does not exist, and the professional critics who withhold honest and necessary censure and thus signify a tacit approval of a condition of affairs

which is an insult to their own intelligence and a reflection upon the civilization of the community. It is a pity, perhaps, that he did not devote a little more space to the exposure of the shallowness and fallacy of the common managerial position in this matter, as no man understands the truth of the case more clearly than he, or could give it more forcible utterance.

There are twenty-eight chapters in his book, and in them he sketches the careers of many of the most prominent players upon the American stage during the present century, beginning with Mary Duff and ending with Wilson Barrett. The fulness of his detail is particularly noteworthy, considering the limitations of his space, and is a sufficient proof of the conscientious labor which he has bestowed upon the book, and of his judgment. He has enriched his pages, also, with a copious fund of anecdote, some shrewd analysis of character, much eloquent eulogy and no little destructive criticism, in which his ability is displayed to the best advantage. His paper on the elder Booth, although brief, conveys a most vivid impression of that wild and lawless genius, and his analysis of the acting of James H. Hackett is full of interest both for old and young playgoers. One of his most elaborate and able essays is on Edwin Forrest, with whose career, both as man and actor, he is thoroughly familiar. His review of it is scathing, but just, and is replete with the assurance of knowledge and the earnestness of conviction. Due credit is given to the actor for the talents which he undoubtedly possessed, and for the stirring effects which his physical powers enabled him to create; but his egotism, narrowness, cruelty and jealousy are laid bare with most remorseless emphasis. Loving tributes are paid to John Brougham and John Gilbert and several brilliant pages are devoted to the genius of Charlotte Cushman. Adelaide Neilson's memory is reviewed in a burst of glowing description, and there are interesting sketches of John E. Owens, Lawrence Barrett and others.

It cannot be said that Mr. Winter is always mindful of due proportion in the distribution of his praise. Miss Ada Rehan is a charming actress, of course, in her own line, but her merit scarcely entitles her to more space than any other actress of the century, or to the showers of laudatory superlatives which are here expended upon her. The enumeration of her accomplishments is a striking illustration of the wealth of the writer's vocabulary and of his prodigal use of it; but is rather too ornate and fanciful for criticism. The same remarks might be applied to the sketch of Mr. Richard Mansfield, who is spoken of in terms which would be flattering to Garrick. The description of Irving's Macbeth is an admirable bit of apologetics, but is not very convincing, and it is difficult to believe that the term "awful" can be applied justly to the Lady Macbeth of Ellen Terry, but these are two great artists. Mr. Winter's attitude towards foreign actors is apt to be rather contemptuous, but there is a great deal of truth and keen observation in his estimate of Bernhardt, who is much more astute than inspired and certainly has damaged her reputation by charlatany. The genius of Modjeska, Mr. Winter recognizes without restriction, saying that no artist more delicate and subtle than she has appeared among the women of the stage. He also appreciates fully the greatness of Ristori. After treating of these flaming lights of the theatrical firmament he takes up the "Young Hamlet" of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and disposes of the new readings and other sillinesses of that bumptious gentleman with much delightful and deadly banter. Altogether this is a capital little book, and much more solid and cheerful than its title would indicate. (75 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

### The Fine Arts

#### The First American Wood-Engraver

DR. ALEXANDER ANDERSON was one of those worthies who are known to fame because they were the first to do some particular thing in some particular place. Dr. Anderson was the first to engrave on wood in America. He invented nothing; he began by making copper-plates and type-metal cuts for printers in the fashion of his time, got his first notions of wood-engraving from a copy of Bewick, which he was so fortunate as to secure, and progressed slowly and laboriously in his chosen art. No work of his shows the slightest sign of any real artistic talent; his early cuts in "white line" are infinitely inferior to Bewick's, and his later, in "tints," to Clennell's; many of his engravings are almost as ill-drawn and inartistic as the grotesque Dutch tiles which he says, in his short autobiography, he studied, as a boy, "with a mixture of curiosity and disgust." But he was first in a field in which many, more talented than he, have since labored; and toward the end of his long life (1775-1870) he was naturally regarded as the patriarch of his profession. This, with the general interest that attaches to every one who played any part in the early years of our history, and the fact that some of the books illustrated by him are sought after by collectors as specimens of the early American press, fully accounts for the curiosity which Mr. F. M. Burr's handsome volume,

"The Life and Works of Alexander Anderson, M.D." attempts to slake. Mr. Burr has been allowed to transcribe freely from a manuscript diary of Anderson's preserved in Columbia College, and this forms the most interesting part of his book, with its many homely details of travel by "chair" (chaise) and sail-boat, of the visitation of yellow fever in New York in 1795, and its odd illustrations of the slow and painful growth of culture in that city. To this he adds a reprint of the modest autobiographical sketch before spoken of. His own essay is little more than a compendium of these two documents, though he prints them as appendices to it.

He might have made a better selection from Anderson's numerous cuts than the thirty-four which he reprints, but we cannot say that his selection does any great injustice to the physician-engraver, who really had but a very moderate skill as a mechanic and no striking gifts as an artist. The work is limited to 725 copies, and is printed from type on heavy paper. (\$4. Burr Bros).

### The Best Ten American Books

WE PRESENT herewith some comments called forth by the recent list of the best ten books of American origin, chosen by 632 readers of *The Critic*, which appeared in our issue of May 27. To refresh the reader's memory we reproduce that list, giving the number of votes each book received:

- |      |  |
|------|--|
| 512. | EMERSON'S ESSAYS.                      |
| 493. | HAWTHORNE'S "SCARLET LETTER."          |
| 444. | LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.                    |
| 434. | MRS. STOWE'S "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."      |
| 388. | DR. HOLMES'S "AUTOCRAT."               |
| 307. | IRVING'S "SKETCH-BOOK."                |
| 269. | LOWELL'S POEMS.                        |
| 256. | WHITTIER'S POEMS.                      |
| 250. | WALLACE'S "BEN HUR."                   |
| 246. | MOTLEY'S "RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC." |

The most extraordinary omissions from this list are, to our thinking, the poems of Emerson and Poe and the Autobiography of Franklin. As the following communication indicates, the absence of Poe from the decade of names has caused surprise abroad as well as at home:—

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The result of your ballot for "The Best Ten American Books," declared in your issue for June 3, 1893, contains one feature of great and grave public interest. It cannot, I think, be too strongly impressed on the notice of Americans of taste. It is a feature of omission.

You give (on p. 357) a list of authors who received "in all twenty votes or more." These authors are thirty in number, and one of them received nearly seven hundred votes. But among these thirty does not occur the name of the most perfect, the most original, the most exquisite of the American poets. The name of Edgar Allan Poe does not occur.

The omission is extraordinary and sinister. If I were an American, I should be inclined to call it disastrous. While every year sheds more lustre on the genius of Poe among the most weighty critical authorities of England, of France, of Germany, of Italy, in his own country prejudice is still so rampant that he fails to secure a paltry twenty votes when Wallace (who on earth is, or was, Wallace?) secures 252, Mrs. Jackson 57, and Mitchell (who is, or was, Mitchell?) 42. You must look to your own house, but it makes one wonder what is the standard of American style.

LONDON, 13 June, 1893.

EDMUND GOSSE.

*The Evening Post* thus refers to the subject in an editorial entitled "Is English Literature in a Decline?"—"As having some slight bearing upon the question which stands at the head of this article, we may refer to the *plebiscite* which *The Critic* lately took among its readers as to the greatest books yet written by Americans. Something like 600 voters gave their opinions, with the result that not more than two living writers figured in the successful list, and neither of them was a novelist, strictly speaking." (The "two living writers" who "figured in the successful list" were Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Stowe and Gen. Wallace!)

*The Academy*:—"The New York *Critic* prints a list of the authors of the greatest American books, as shown by a *plebiscite* of its readers. We must be content to mention that Fenimore Cooper received only 159 votes, and Poe (apparently) less than 20."

The London *Globe* has this to say:—"These newspaper *plebiscites* do not as a rule count for much, as the people whose judgment is best worth having generally abstain from parading their likes or dislikes in this fashion. Still, in view of the high position occupied by *The Critic*, the selection may be regarded as fairly representative of cultivated American opinion."

This is from the Saint Paul *Pioneer Press*:—"The people who read

*The Critic* and who would be interested in entering upon such a contest, are unquestionably people of literary tastes and some literary judgment. Their vote means something as to the probable fate of posterity. The people who would vote for E. P. Roe or even for Albert Ross, do not read *The Critic*. They do not read anything in a literary spirit and therefore could not be admitted as judges in such an election."

The Toronto *Globe* says:—"The *Critic* has set a hard task if it wants to be true to the best interests of American literature. If it had asked for the best three or four or five books, from a literary standpoint, the question would not be hard to settle. It is generally acknowledged that from the highest critical standard Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' 'Emerson's Essays' and 'Poe's Poems' are the most remarkable contributions to continental literature."

The Birmingham, Eng., *Midland Counties Herald* does not approve. It says:—"The absurd plan practised here for testing the popularity of an author by asking the opinion of the readers of any one particular periodical has extended to America."

The Springfield *Republican* takes a somewhat different view:—"The list shows for itself a creditable judgment among an intelligent reading public, although of course the vote for Gen. Wallace's book is rather after the order of the votes for a sword to the most popular officer. *The Critic* says that Bancroft's history would have got in, with 214 votes, had not the Western vote for 'Ben Hur,' which came in during the last two weeks of the balloting, forced it out." This shows how fame is made."

The writer of this, from the New York *Recorder*, did not vote for "Ben Hur":—"It is easy to quarrel with this judgment—to point out that Wallace certainly will not stand in such a list fifty years hence, or fifteen, and Longfellow probably not, that Mrs. Stowe's work was not great in itself but in the circumstances that forced celebrity upon it; but it remains, after all, a pretty good list. My own disappointment is keenest, because, as *The Critic* says, very few votes were cast for Emerson's poems, a contribution of small volume but much value to the world's wit."

The Chicago *Elite* also has a disappointment:—"No contribution to the high thought and perfect expression which make literature, can surpass the eloquent addresses of Abraham Lincoln at Cooper Institute and Gettysburg. They are full of living truth spoken for all time. When Longfellow's musical cadences fall upon unheeding ears, and Lowell's rounded phrases and dialect poems fail to elicit any response, these glowing sentiments will rouse the hearts of men to the highest range of endeavor. *The Critic* deserves thanks for bringing the question of American authors and books into the range of active controversy."

The Tacoma *News* thinks the result discouraging:—"The worthlessness of such tests is shown by the fact that while Mrs. Stowe is the sixth on the list, below Longfellow, but above Holmes, J. Fenimore Cooper is not mentioned. \* \* \* The Western vote, which in all likelihood was 'hustled up,' did not show such a lack of intelligence as might have been expected, 'Ben Hur' being a very much nearer approach to literature than Bancroft's history. This list serves at least one purpose—to show how little literature America has as yet produced."

The good old times are scented in the list by the Albany *Argus*:—"As *The Critic* is by all odds the best literary newspaper of the country, we are bound to accept its ballot, small as it is, as representative of the country's average literary judgment. It is worth noting, therefore, that it shows how slight a hold any of the American writers of the present day have yet succeeded in obtaining upon the American public, and again how the literary supremacy of New England remains still unshaken. The short story, too, so powerfully employed as the vehicle of the imagination by Poe, seems to be without friends among the electorate that voted upon the popularity of American books."

And, that one good old-timer was shamefully neglected, the Chicago *Herald* agrees with us:—"But the book of all American books that should find a place here, both on literary and popular grounds, is wanting. Every American reads it, presumably every Englishman, and certainly half the Frenchmen. It is Franklin's Autobiography, not only a great American book, but one of the great books of English literature. How does this come to be missed from an enumeration of the best ten American books? It is certainly read by everybody, but generally in youth when its real merit as literature cannot be appreciated. We look upon it, perhaps, as we look upon the fairy-tales we read when children, as a book for the young—which it is. But it is also a book for the old, and no list of 'best American books' that excludes that and includes 'Ben Hur' or 'Whittier's Poems,' can be considered as final."

The following letter has come to us through the mails:—  
To THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—When you ask to name the "Ten Greatest American Books" and 250 people classify "Ben Hur" in that category—have you any idea how the 250 reach that conclusion? It was not the most entertaining nor the most

popular, nor the most useful book but the "greatest" you spoke for. "Ben Hur" is entertaining, justly popular, useful, agreeable, etc., but I don't see that it is in any sense "great." What makes it "great"? To classify "Ben Hur" great and pass by Prescott, Parkman, Irving's "Columbus," etc., is like the ways of Providence—"inscrutable and past finding out." The remaining nine on the list were perfect in selection.

JERSEY CITY, 6 June, 1893.

J. A. W.

### Current Criticism

"WITH A PURPOSE."—Marion Crawford's recent comments upon the Purpose-Novel have reopened a question which has been in process of discussion for these many years, off and on, by the moralists and the critics of art and literature. Whereas, Mr. Crawford takes the position that "the first object of the novel is to amuse and interest the reader," William D. Moffat, in *The Critic*, has expressed the opinion that "life itself is full of the 'moral lesson,' and, regarding the novel as a reflection of life, it seems as if it must be imperfect without the moral element." Our strongest English-speaking novelists—those who represent the higher thought and principle, \* \* \* do not pursue the childish be-virtuous-and you-will-be-happy line of argument, or seem to fancy that to depict in fiction the temporal prosperity of the good, and the inevitable and crushing downfall of the wicked, will somehow establish the fact of virtue's ascendancy. They teach us, rather, by a series of vivid object-lessons, the plain truth about the common story of humanity—the hideousness of hate, the aridity of the self-seeker's existence, the delusions of vanity, the perils of moral weakness, the hollowness of those ambitions which are merely worldly. If they show us the blackness of the pit, it is not

"to throw one's thoughts in heaps  
Of doubt and horror,—"

leaving us helpless and hopeless on the chasm's edge, but to point out the paths which lead away from the place of destruction. And likewise they inspire us to recognize and honor the loveliness of sincere goodness, the force exerted by unselfish love, and the sustaining power of a pure ideal. The practice of these masters of fiction is far removed from that of the crude thinker who has some polemical object in view, and chooses the novel as a convenient medium for the presentation of his fixed idea. Such works as are produced by the latter may serve a purpose of the hour; but they are not literature, and do not in any way affect its shining and immortal beauty—for "the blue heaven is greater than any cloud that passeth over it."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

### Notes

MR. NOAH BROOKS has tendered his resignation as chief editor of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, to take effect on August 1. During the past forty-three years he has been engaged almost constantly in newspaper work, and since 1884 has directed the editorial policy of "the Daily" (as that well-established journal is familiarly called in the New Jersey metropolis), stamping it with his scholarly individuality. Mr. Brooks, although sixty-three years of age, is in the prime of life, enjoying splendid health, and remarkable physical strength. He will hereafter devote himself exclusively to literary work, beginning at once an important engagement with the Scribners. One half of the year he will spend at his farm in Castine, Me.—his birthplace,—and the other in Newark. Mr. Brooks regards his *Life of Lincoln* as his principal work, although "The Boy Emigrants," published in 1876, has had the largest sale, and now goes at the rate of 500 to 700 copies per annum. Frederic Evans, Jr., and W. D. Farwell remain in charge of the editorial department of the *Advertiser*.

—The *Herald* is to celebrate its entrance to its new building with some novel features. It intends to print colored illustrations such as have never been printed in daily newspapers before; and "wash drawings" and direct reproductions from photographs will adorn its pages. Émile Zola's much-discussed novel, "Lourdes," will be published in its columns. In speaking to a representative of *The Idler* about his work, M. Zola said:—"Lourdes" will be followed by 'Rome,' and then by 'Paris.' They will form a triptych. \* \* \* In 'Rome' I shall treat of the Neo-Catholicism, with its ambitions, its struggles, etc., as distinct from the pure religious sentiment of the pilgrims of 'Lourdes.' Finally, in 'Paris,' I shall endeavor to lay bare the corruption and vice which devour that city; vice and corruption to which the whole civilized world brings its share."

—For the new Van Twiller Edition of Irving's "Knickerbocker's History," announced by the Putnams, Mr. E. W. Kemble has made 225 drawings. A special edition of one hundred copies will be printed, with proofs of the full-page illustrations on Japan paper.

—Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, in her address last Saturday at the Chautauqua meeting, on the higher education of women, urged that broader culture is the best method of fitting women for broader duties. The often-reprobated college training, in addition to its merely mental advantages, makes the mother a better mother by enabling her to plant in her children's minds the beautiful stories from Homer and Plato. The world is in great need of women thoroughly trained to meet the new needs of a new time. One of the responsibilities of women, who compose our leisure class, is to put to the best use the wealth entrusted to them by husbands and fathers. Great opportunities for less wealthy seekers after knowledge are given by the free tuition or generous scholarships of the universities and colleges, nearly all of which are now open to women, as all, Mrs. Palmer expects, will ultimately be.

—Francis Parkman, the historian, has recovered from his severe illness, and is passing the summer at New Castle, N. H. In the fall he will return to his summer home at Jamaica Plain, Mass.

—The Buffalo *News* printed, in a recent Sunday issue, a chapter by Mark Twain from "The Niagara Book," published by Underhill & Nicholls. As this chapter was one of the most popular in the book, the publishers are bringing suit for \$10,000 damages.

—Mr. Howells's latest one-scene play, "Bride Roses," will appear in *Harper's* for August. There is an element of tragedy in it. The action takes place in a florist's shop. Frederic Remington has written as well as illustrated an account of a canoe trip, "Black Water and Shallows," and W. Hamilton Gibson is both author and illustrator of "A Queer Little Family on the Bittersweet."

—By the will of the late Anthony J. Drexel, \$100,000 is bequeathed to the German Hospital of Philadelphia, and \$1,000,000 set aside for the erection and maintenance of an art-gallery, museum, or some other public institution, in the neighborhood of the Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry. Whatever of this income cannot be judiciously expended for this purpose, may be given to the establishment of the "Drexel Hospital" in Philadelphia. In a codicil, however, it is stated that the Trustees may apply the whole of this fund to the support of the Drexel Institute, provided the income of that institution proves inadequate to the complete development of its work.

—Mr. Birdseye Blakeman, of the American Book Co. of this city, has given to the town of Stratford, Conn., his former home, the sum of \$25,000 for the establishment of a free public library.

—*The Library Journal* announces that, beginning next January, an index to periodicals, on a new plan, will be published weekly in New York. Each issue during a quarter will recapitulate all the titles from the beginning of the quarter; and at the end of the sixth, ninth and twelfth months, a special issue will recapitulate all the titles from the commencement of the year. This publication is made possible by the Mergenthaler and similar machines which cast type as a solid line. Its publisher will be Mr. J. Wellman Parks, who at present is in charge of the library exhibit of the National Department of Education at the World's Fair.

—President Carnot, on his arrival, recently, at Marly-le-Roi, was welcomed by MM. Dumas and Sardou, his country neighbors there.

—Mr. Andrew S. Draper, formerly State Superintendent of Education in New York, has effected a radical change in the conduct of the public schools of Cleveland, O., of which he is the Superintendent. This is the substitution of a monthly ranking system for the old plan of promotion by examination. The new plan was adopted at the beginning of the last term, and is reported to have worked admirably.

—The August *Century* (Midsummer Holiday Number) contains nothing that will interest literary folk more surely than Mr. Stillman's "Philosophers' Camp," the "philosophers" being Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell, himself and others.

—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge has made known what, in his opinion, are the "best books." His list is as follows:—(POETRY)—Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth (daily), Gray, Shelley, Keats, Scott, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Pope, Dryden and Young. (PROSE)—Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Erskine, Burke, Bacon, Bishop Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Cardinal Newman, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Southey. Coleridge, he said, was of course omitted; and Tennyson he excluded, because any estimate which placed him below Shakespeare was the mark of a Philistine. Browning he had not been so fortunate as always to understand.

—Dr. John Rae, the distinguished English Arctic explorer, died in London last Monday after a long illness. He was a native of the Orkney Islands, and studied medicine in the University of Edinburgh. His voyages to the far North began in 1845. He was the first to obtain information as to the fate of Sir John Franklin, for which he received a reward of \$50,000. He was a fellow of many scientific societies; and his publications, very modest in number, were brief accounts of his voyage.

—On Tuesday last, by the death of Edward T. McLaughlin, Professor of English and Belles Lettres, Yale lost one of her most esteemed and efficient instructors. Prof. McLaughlin was born in 1860, and graduated from Yale in the class of 1883, after a course of great literary brilliancy. A year after graduation he was appointed Tutor, and later, Assistant Professor of English, and in the same year received his full professorship. He had edited several volumes and done some miscellaneous original work.

—Mr. George Frederic Parsons, for ten years a writer for the *Tribune*, died on the 19th inst., at his home in this city. His body was cremated at Fresh Pond, Long Island, last Sunday. Mr. Parsons was born at Brighton, England, fifty-three years ago. Leaving school when sixteen years old, he was placed in the merchant marine service, and for five years indulged his desire for travel. In 1862 he went to British Columbia in hopes of making a fortune in gold-mining, but here he found little wealth other than experience and a wife (Miss Lizzie Campbell) whom he married in 1864. Since then Mr. Parsons had devoted himself to journalism, editing papers in San Francisco and Sacramento, and since 1882 holding an editorial connection with the *Tribune*. Besides his regular writing, he found time to produce many short stories, and an introduction to Balzac's works, published by Roberts Bros. in 1889.

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question, for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1711.—Can you tell me the author of, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you, Weep, and you weep alone"? S.

AURORA, N. Y.

1712.—1. What does Ambrosius in Tennyson's Holy Grail mean, when he says:—

"O brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke,  
Spring after spring, for half a hundred years."

2. Also where is, or was, the monastery of Wessofontanus?

M. E. M.

[1. The passage is partially explained by what precedes:—

"Beneath a world-old yew-tree, darkening half  
The cloisters, on a gustful April morn  
That puff'd the swaying branches into smoke."

The "smoke" is produced by the abundant white pollen of the yew as it is scattered by the wind.

2. It might be possible to answer this question if "M. E. M." would state where the monastery is mentioned.]

1713.—Is Miriam, in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," a character drawn from life? or her story the story of a real person, as implied by statements in the closing chapter of the romance?

E. M. W.

[In the Introductory Note to his edition of "The Marble Faun," Mr. George Lathrop, the romancer's son-in-law, denies that any other character than Donatello is drawn from the life, though "the mystery of Miriam's situation \* \* \* was evidently inspired by the author's reflections upon the story of Beatrice Cenci." The subject is more fully discussed in the ninth chapter of Mr. Lathrop's "Study of Hawthorne."]

### Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notices of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Boulger, D. C. Short History of China.	\$4.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Buffalo Bill from Prairie to Palace. Compiled by J. M. Burke.	\$1.	Rand, McNally & Co.
Burton, I. Life of Sir Richard F. Burton. 8 vols.		D. Appleton & Co.
Cherbuliez, V. The Tutor's Secret.		D. Appleton & Co.
Haggard, H. R. Nada the Lily.	50c.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Haycraft, M. S. Sybil's Repentance.	70c.	Hunt & Eaton.
Hill, T. E. Guide to Chicago and the World's Fair.	85c.	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Meade, L. T. Jill: A Flower Girl.	\$1.25.	T. Whittaker.
Monist, The. Ed. by P. Carus. Vol. III.	\$3.	Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Parsons, C. R. Amos Truelove.	80c.	Hunt & Eaton.
Rathbone, St. G. Myneher Joe.	50c.	Robt. Bonner's Sons.
Reynold's, M. T. Housing of the Poor in American Cities.	\$8.	Balt.: Am. Economic Ass'n.
Sanborn, M. F. Paul a Ferris.	\$1.25.	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Searchfield, E. Jacob Winter's Inheritance.	70c.	Hunt & Eaton.
Seven Graded Sunday Schools.	Ed. by J. L. Hurbut.	Hunt & Eaton.
Sharpless, I. Relation of the State to Education in England and America.	85c.	Philadelphia: Am. Acad. of Polit. and Social Science.
Sunday School Missionary Collection Envelope.	35c per dozen.	Hunt & Eaton.
Sybel, H. von. Die Erhebung Europas gegen Napoleon I.	1. Ed. with Notes by A. B. Nichols.	Ginn & Co.
Terry, M. S. Prophecies of Daniel Expounded.	75c.	Hunt & Eaton.
Vincent, J. H. Two Letters to a Minister by Paul the Apostle.	80c.	Hunt & Eaton.
Winter, J. S. Aunt Johnnie.		Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.

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